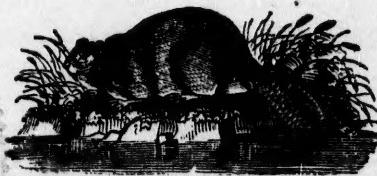


THE
Canadian Minstrel.
BY

ANDREW LEARMONT SPEDON,

AUTHOR OF

"The Woodland Warbler," "Tales of the Canadian Forest,"
"Rambles among the Blue Noses," "Canadian
Summer Evening Tales," "Sketches of
a Tour from Canada to Paris,"
&c. &c. &c.

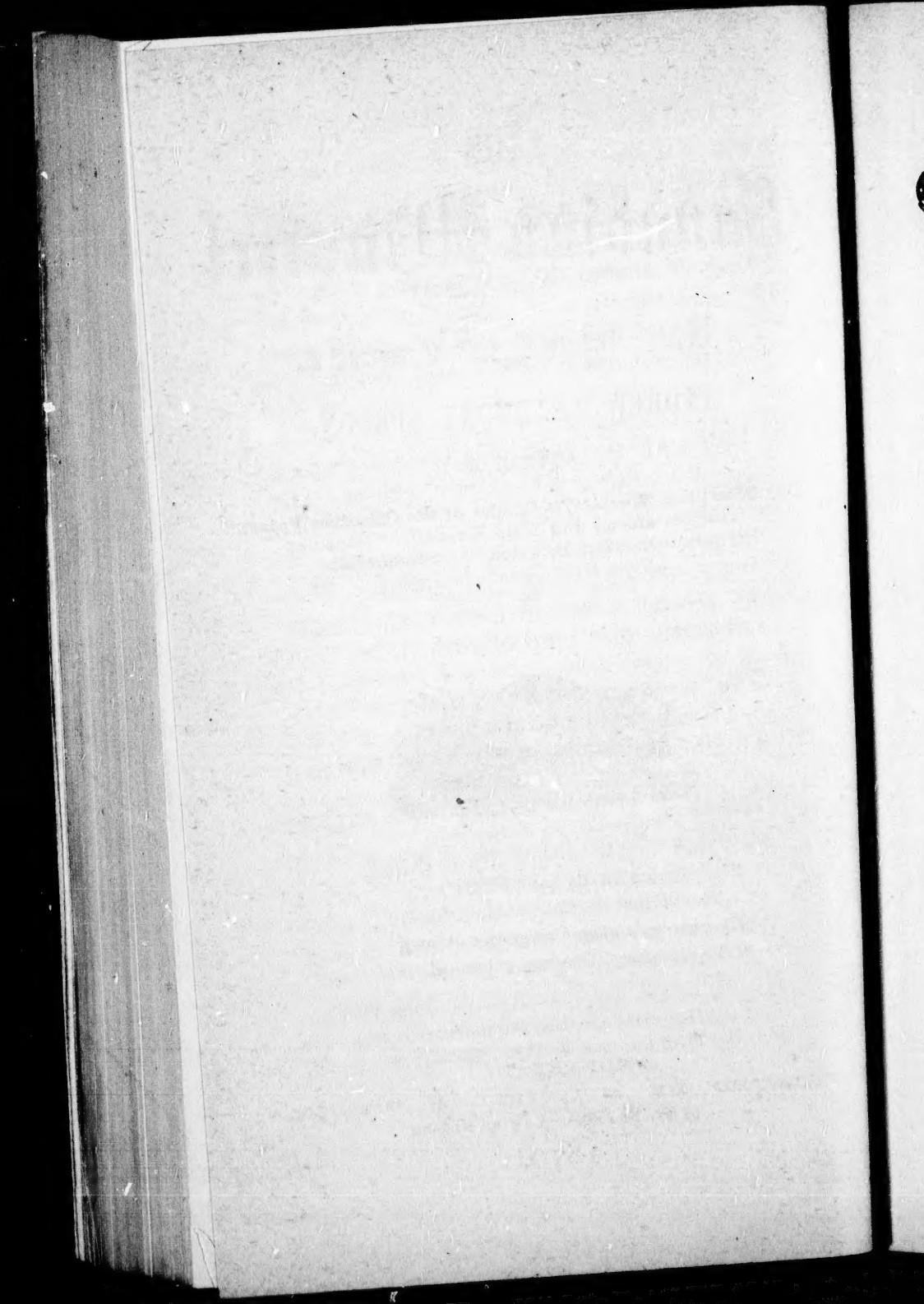


The foreign Bards have boldly sung,
The valiant deeds of ancient times :
My country's harp I've gently strung,
To chant my MINSTREL'S lyric rhymes.

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THE
CANADIAN MINSTREL.

The Muse of Canada.

I sing not of those isles renown'd,
From which our fathers came,
Nor legend, tower, nor battle-ground,
Of France or Britain's fame.
'Mong forest-wilds my fancy roams,
For maple-leaves and flowers,
As wreathes for our CANADIAN HOMES,
In this dear land of ours.

Tho' we have not historic page,
That foreign nations claim,
Yet we can boast as bright an age,
With deeds of noble fame.
Our forest leaves are fill'd with rhymes ;
There's music in our soil ;
And tho' we live in golden times,
We sing the *Song of Toil*.

We have no poet laureate here,
No ancient harp we claim ;
No minstrel bard, nor mountain seer,
To sing our deeds of fame.
Poetic themes on every page,
To Canada belong,
Tho' living in a prosaic age,
We have our Sons of Song.

MCLACHLAN chants his Scottish lays,
 To suit our modern times ;
 And brave McCOLL deserves our praise
 For his sweet Celtic rhymes.
 MCKENZIE's soul-poetic-fire
 Emits a kindling ray ;
 And SANGSTER sweetly strikes his lyre
 Along the Saguenay.

The great McGEE has sweetly sung,
 With soul-inspiring breath,
 But that sweet harp he boldly strung
 Is silent now in death.
 And DEWART sings his " Songs of Life,"
 And plays his harp with skill,
 While " COUSIN SANDIE " whets his knife,
 To point his grey-goose-quill.

Yet still neglected is the " MUSE "
 Of our romantic soil ;
 Our talents and our time we use
 In needful daily toil.
 Our Legislature gives no grants
 To aid the " Sons of Song,"
 Who must supply their daily wants
 Among the toiling throng.

A brighter day may yet be sent
 To cheer each poet's heart ;
A wee bit help frae Parliament
Wad gie them quite a start.
 A nation may be great and wise,
 And vast possessions claim,
 Its bards can best immortalize
 Its noble deeds of FAME.

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Canada.

What makes a country rich, a nation great ?
Good laws and liberty from Church and State :
Abundant harvests and prolific soil :
Industrious people, all inclin'd to toil :
Trade, commerce, education, peace and labor,
With every nation as a friendly neighbour,
All these contribute to fill up their places,
And gold adorns the whole with earthly graces,
But TRUE RELIGION forms the real substantial basis.

Hail ! blest Dominion of the northern clime !
Fresh from the civilizing hand of time,
Yet once the nursling of a barb'rous age,
Involv'd in myst'ry in tradition's page ;
Land of a savage race, whose martial deeds,
Whose battle-gounds, traditions, customs, creeds,
Lie buried now in nature's forest womb,
Their fatherland, their birthplace, and their tomb.
A few uncultur'd acres circumscribe
The last sad remnant of that warlike tribe,
Who with their forest realms have given place
To lovelier landscapes and a nobler race,—
A race whose toil and enterprise proclaim
Peace, knowledge, power, religion, wealth, and
fame.

* * * *

Go, view in fancy 'mid the woodland shade,
The rough log-hut the forest settler made ;
No costly furniture its grandeur form'd,
Nor fashion's pageantry its walls adorn'd,
No architecte skill its form design'd,
Room, kitchen, parlor, all in one combined.

*There he his first rude home and shelter found
From savage herds that nightly prow'l'd around ;
He from the forest all his wants supplied,
But many needful comforts were denied :
Yet on he toil'd amid the world of wood,
And summer suns and winter blasts withstood.
Thus, still progressing in his daily toil,
He reap'd the first-born harvest of the soil ;
From him the savage brute and barb'rous man,
Back to the depths of wilder nature ran ;
To him the forest in submission bow'd,
And rose on fiery wings a smoky cloud ;
By him the stagnant pools receiv'd their force,
And sluggish waters chang'd their native course,
Thus nature smil'd with beauty's lovelier hue,
When from her face her ancient veil he drew.
But those rude scenes of nature's elder birth,
And those first glimpses of the forest earth,
Lie buried in the depths of other years,
And in their place a nobler realm appears,
Whose fertile landscapes lend expansive view,
And cities rise where rugged forests grew ;
O'er coast and country, ocean, lake, and stream
We hasten progress by the aid of steam—
Prolific source of universal good,
Stronger than man, and yet by man subdued. }
Thus sister-cities, fields and forest lands,
Are bound in union with metallic bands.
Where once his game the Indian hunter chased,
The iron-charger flies in thund'ring haste.*

*Here, we have also taught th' electric fire
To wing our thoughts o'er countless miles on
wire :*
Quick as the lightning tracks the aerial sky,
Unform'd, unheard, and unperceiv'd, they fly ;

And thus in distance short'ning time and space,
As if we were but speaking face to face.

Here, trade a thousand varied wants supplies,
And every craft the "*wheel of Fortune*" tries:
While agriculture, with industrious toil,
Extracts abundance from the fertile soil.

Here, knowledge lights its intellectual fires,
And Christian faith exalts its Heavenward spires,
Which, like the Star to Bethlehem's shepherd
given,

Invite the pilgrim to the gates of Heaven,
Where men of diff'rent race their creeds make
known,
And, unrestricted, worship in their own.

Here man must toil if he desire to live,
And reap the fruits the land delights to give;
Tho' chequer'd paths his progress may retard,
Still honest labor finds its just reward.
No tyrants rule with stern despotic might,
But justice gives to all an equal right,
Whilst foreign sons a blest asylum find
To soothe the heart and free the fetter'd mind.
Birth-titles here have but a common name,
The honest poor assert a nobler claim;
Life-born distinctions, like the orbs of night,
Must lose their lustre as the world turns bright.
In everything the human mind we trace,
Progressing still with firm and steady pace;
Whilst art and science as its faithful guides,
Stalk on and upward with gigantic strides:
Thus moving on, our country shall expand,
From stern Acadia to Victoria's land;
Our hardy sons the forests will explore,
And span the continent from shore to shore;

Progressing thus we shall augment our fame,
 Wealth, knowledge, power, possession, rank and
 Above all these we must exalt the soul, [name ;
 With Christian graces permeate the whole,
 Then Heaven shall lend its soul-propitious smile,
 To bless our HOMES, our COUNTRY, and our TOIL.

Our New Dominion.

CANADIAN PATRIOTIC SONG.

All hail our New Dominion,
 Which spreads from sea to sea !
 All hail our glorious Union
 Of hearts both brave and free,
 On rivers, vales, and mountains,
 On lakes and lovely isles,
 On forests, fields and fountains,
 The Queen of Nature smiles.

Chorus.—Then shout the nation's chorus,
 And hail the UNION-DAY,
 Three cheers for loyal Canada,
 Hip, hip, hurra, hurra !

Where stood the settler's shanty,
 The stately mansion stands,
 And fields adorn'd with plenty,
 Were hewn from forest lands.
 We send an invitation,
 And hail with helping hand,
 Th' oppress'd of every nation,
 To this, our happy land.

Chorus.—Then shout, &c.

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We fondly love to cherish
The name of fatherland,
Whose glories cannot perish,
Like footmarks on the sand ;
Yet, still in kindred union,
We proudly love to claim
Our British-born Dominion,
Besides, an honor'd name.

Chorus.—Then shout, &c.

No tyrant rules our nation,
No slavery taints our soil ;
But men of every station
Are free-born sons of toil ;
The fruits of honest labor
Adorn our fertile land,
Each man's a brother-neighbor,
Who helps with willing hand.

Chorus.—Then shout, &c.

We will maintain our station,
Yet strive to live in peace,
With every other nation,
In hopes that war may cease ;
But in our country's danger
United we shall stand,
To crush the foreign stranger,
Who dares to touch our land.

Then shout the nation's chorus,
And hail the UNION DAY,
Three cheers for loyal Canada,
Hip, hip, hurra, hurra !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

Our Cradle Hymns And Songs of Prayer.

There is a sympathetic chord,
Within the human breast,
Whose intonations never die,
Even in its silent breast.
Its sweetest tones of early life
Our best affections claim ;
But that which most endearing is,
Breathes in the parents' name.

Obscured amid the mountains wild,
The vernal flowerets bloom,
And to the leafy realms around,
They lend their sweet perfume.
Thus, 'midst the mazy depths of life
Youth's first impressions live,
And to the life-reflective soul,
Their sweetest incense give.

The cradle hymns and songs of prayer
We lisp'd in childhood's years,
Like silent memories of the dead,
Still whisper in our ears.
Our lips may breathe the sweetest songs,
Of harmonizing art,
Their soft'ning strain may please the ear,
The others thrill the heart.

When dangers rise and courage falls,
Or passions shake the breast;
When faith turns weak and vice grows
strong,
And conscience knows no rest:
The songs and prayers of early years
May thrill our troubled heart,
Re-tune the sympathetic chord,
And harmonize each part.

The seaman, 'midst the wrecking storms,
Whose lips have learn'd to swear,
May gladly hail that hallowed voice,
Which breathed the songs of prayer.
And to the wounded soldier, too,
While setting life grows dim,
The song that smooth'd his cradle-bed
May be his dying hymn.

Oh ! what are all the fairy tales,
And fancy-fabled lies,
Compared with those immortal gems
Which from the soul arise ?
So sweet—so innocent—they seem,
So full of blissful love,
They come to us like angel's waifs,
That stray from realms above.

Then ye who love your little ones,
And hope for promised bliss,
Impress upon their ruby lips
A prayer with every kiss,
Unbar the music gates of love,
Which to your soul belong,
And let your children bask beneath
The vital beams of song.

Breathe forth those prayerful hymns of love,
The beautiful and good,
As pure and nourishing to life
As its maternal food.

Those songs may serve as spirit guides,
When life is tempest-driven,
To aid the sin-bewilder'd soul,
And lead it up to Heaven.

Health and Sickness.

The youth who leaves his native hearth,
To give his aspirations scope,
Perchance may find the foreign earth
But mocks his golden dreams of hope :
'Tis then he learns to prize the worth
Of that sweet home—his place of birth.

The man whose soul delights in pelf,
And luxuries of bed and board,
But only lives to worship self,
And thinks himself a stylish lord :
'Tis only when his wealth is lost,
Its proper worth he values most.

The heart which throbs a healthy pulse,
Whilst vigor thrills thro' every nerve,
Is wasted oft on something else,
Than what it was design'd to serve ;
But when we lose the blessing—health,
We learn to estimate its wealth.

Ye who so little prize that gift,
Who never breathe a sickly breath,
Who seldom dream that blessings shift;
Nor tremble at the gates of death :
Go, learn a lesson from the bed
Which groans beneath the *living-dead*.

Behold the infant on the breast,
How sweet and innocent it seems ;
With angel songs 'tis lull'd to rest,
To vitalize its spirit-dreams :
But, startling up with fev'rish breath,
It trembles in the scales of death.

Behold the blooming maid, whose years
Are gilt with love's enchanting smiles ;
Again, behold—life's foe appears,
And bares its unsuspected guiles :
The drooping form, the sicken'd breath,
Announce th' approaching steps of death.

Yon youth, once strong with muscled force,
Who little dreamt of life's disease,
His blood now stagnates in its course,
Convulsive aches his vitals seize :
Go, learn from him that muscled strength
Becomes the weakest point at length.

Behold the man of crippled joints,
Who grins with grim rheumatic aches,
Whose bones are sharp as dagger-points,
Whose muscles writhe like wounded
snakes :
Go, learn from him that well-greas'd bones
Can turn as dry and hard as stones.

Behold yon squeamish invalid,
With ghastly face and hollow'd jaws,
Whose ills are in his stomach hid,
And seem effects without a cause :
In vain a thousand cures he tries,
And, daily dying, never dies.

Yon paunchy lord now feels the pains'
Which from his well-fed stomach grew :
Yon nerve-disorder'd soul complains,
And thinks the world disorder'd too :
Thus, every age, and every place,
Proclaim that we're a suff'ring race.

Disease in countless varied forms,
Creeps o'er this sinful race of earth,
The quack applies his magic charms,
To kill its life, or check its birth.
This solemn truth none can deny,
That *doctors, too, turn sick and die.*

The man who breaks the laws of health,
Which regulate his spirit-force,
Commits a sin against himself,
That soon recoils upon its source :
Then learn this moral maxim well,—
Our sins supply our bosom-hell.

But ye who study household health,
Let nature's laws be understood ;
Fresh air and cleanliness are wealth,
When timed with wholesome drink and
food :
Bask in the beams by nature given,
And keep good terms with earth and heaven.

Whilst health within your spirit lives,
Keep toil and rest companions still,
Select the good which nature gives,
And use your share with cautious skill :
Then you shall find this maxim sure,—
Preventive means surpass a cure.

But should you feel life's weakning ills,
Let simple means be used instead
Of powder'd drugs and patent pills,
Which kill more life than powder'd lead :
For life turns *shorter* in its ills,
As longer grow the doctor's bills.

Glimpses from our School Days.

Breathes there a soul that does not sigh in tears,
When mem'ry conjures up its early years ?—
Years of the past, whose hallow'd scenes arise
In animated form that never dies.

Altho' displaced by life's eventful years,
Unchang'd in mem'ry every scene appears,
All seem the offspring of some magic power,
As if some fair enchantress ruled the hour ;
The landscape thus a livelier form assumes,
And every flow'r with richer color blooms,
The birds more sweetly hymn their matin lays,
And brighter seem the sun's enliv'ning rays.
The old school house ! rude fabric of an art
Of which no taste nor talent form'd a part,

Yet dear to mem'ry every part appears,
And grows in value as we grow in years.
The long rough benches and the side-wall desks,
Where restless tyroes humm'd their knotty tasks,
Engrav'd with names of uncouth shape and size,
Life's first rude efforts to immortalize.

There, too, the old worn desk and three-legg'd stool,

Where, Judge-like, sat the monarch of the school,
With birchen-rod—the sceptre of his power,
Dealing out crumbs of knowledge by the hour;
With grey-goose-quill stuck fast behind his ear,
Like some book-scribe or antiquated seer;
His eyes as vivid as the lightning's flash,
And voice terrific as the thunder's crash.

There, too, that hallow'd and enchanted ground,
Where motley squads at midday gamboll'd round
To wrestle, run, play ball, or fly the kite;
The battle-field of many a boyish fight,
Where cowards bluster'd, but where heroes
fought,

And in each other's wrongs redress was sought,
'Till closed the contest with a crimson nose,
From which oft-times a stronger friendship rose.
These, too, in turn a friendly tribute claim,—
The poplar trees on which we carved our name.
The cooling spring with maple-boughs o'er-
spread,

Whose waters moisten'd oft our dry school-bread;
The sedgy pool where frogs and tadpoles play'd;
The tardy rill that cours'd the sylvan glade,
Whose slimy depths amphibious-like we trod,
Or fish'd for reptiles with our angling rod.
The thicket, too! that sweet congenial shade,
Where mossy seats and wood-bark swings were
made;

Its verdant soil and leaf-bespangled bowers
 Were oft divested of their choicest flowers,
 Which we did wreath for some "*dear ones*" who
 claim'd
 Our boyish hearts, which their own charms
 inflam'd,
 Oh, blissful time ! too bright again to live,
 Thy pleasant scenes but painful feelings give ;
 We turn from thee and trace our after years ;
 At every step a startling scene appears ;
 Even in ourselves we see a wondrous change,
 And things familiar once have now grown strange.
 Our school companions ! where, alas, are they ?
 All scatter'd now, like rose leaves in decay :
 Some o'er the world as houseless wand'lers roam,
 Whilst others find in foreign lands a home ;
 Some seek the mystic goal where FORTUNE shines,
 Australia's wealth, or California's mines ;
 Some rise in virtue, honor, wealth, or fame,
 Whilst others bear a vice-dishonor'd name ;
 And some there are who hoped for happier years,
 Have closed their eyes upon this VALE OF TEARS.
 Thus, when we've gazed along the varied scene,
 The whole appears a life-mysterious dream ;
 Our very selves and all around seem strange,
 O'erwhelm'd with thought we startle at the
 change ;
 But gath'ring strength from moments as they fly,
 We close our musings with a lengthen'd sigh.



Song : The Gathering.

ON THE CELEBRATION OF THE GRAND NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY
OF THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF KINGSTON, ONT.,
AUGUST 15TH, 1863.

It is not the voice of our country that calls
The nation to arms and its soldiers to fight ;
Nor is it the foe that is heard in our halls,
With the power of a tyrant usurping our right.
'Tis the sound of the pibroch we welcomly greet,
As the brave " CALEDONIANS " are must'ring
at hand ;
And clansmen and kinsmen like true heroes meet
To contest in the games of our dear " FATHER-
LAND."

Chorus.

Then hurra for the tartan, the bonnet and plaid,
The heather and thistle, the pibroch and gill ;
We welcome the games that our forefathers made,
And honor the rites of our Scottish clans still.

The Roman may boast of his athletic sports,
And the Greek may exult in his Olympic games,
But the true Caledonian with pleasure resorts
To the time-honor'd sports which "*Auld Scotia*"
still claims.

Proud land of the Gael ! royal gem of the sea ;
Tho' oceans divide us, united we stand ;
If a Scotsman must live—he must live to be free,
To honor the rights of his dear Fatherland.

Then hurra, &c.

In the land that we live may the Thistle revive,
That gem of old Scotland—the emblem of
might:

We cherish the spirit that equity gives,
And claim for our motto, "OUR COUNTRY AND
RIGHT."

Should the foot of a despot intrude on our land,
To vanquish our rights and abolish our laws,
The true "CALEDONIANS" shall rise at command,
To fight for our freedom, our country and
cause.

Then hurra, &c.

All hail to "Auld Scotia," the land of our birth;
All hail to old England, the land of the Rose;
All hail to the Isle where the Shamrock spreads
forth;
And bless'd be the Land where the tall Maple
grows.

May the *Thistle*, the *Rose* and the *Shamrock* en-
twine
Around the green emblem our country has
given,
With the old "*Union Jack*" as our standard and
sign,
And our homes be enrich'd with the bounties
of Heaven.

Chorus.

Then hurra for the tartan, the bonnet and plaid,
The heather and thistle, the pibroch and gill,
We welcome the games that our forefathers made,
And honor the rites of our Scottish clans still.



New Year Reflections.

The old clock rings the full-grown hour,
The tolling bells have tol'd
That hoary-headed "SIXTY-FOUR"
Hath now its cycle roll'd.

The tragic ills that mark'd its course,
The mournful scenes which rise,
But show that man's by nature still
A savage in disguise.

Stern war, with devastating hand,
Performs its tragic part ;
Thus man to brother-man unmasks
A base deceitful heart.

See yonder rolls a crimson flood,
To drown the Polish state ;
And tyrants strive to seal with blood
Poor Denmark's rigid fate.

Japan inhales the warring breeze,
And vaunts heroic might ;
There, Britain sends her ships for teas,
But is compell'd to fight.

France ships her troops to Mexico,
To put usurpers down,
But she in turn usurps the power,
And caps it with a crown.

Old Abe—the king of Yankeedom,
Enthron'd in regal state,
Still thunders forth his stern decrees,
To seal the rebels' fate.

His countless mercenary hosts
Rush forth at his command,
As victims to the hecatombs
Which pyramid the land.

But Southern Jeff, 'midst *Black* and *White*,
Still thinks of old JOHN BROWN,
And with his BEAU-re-guard all right,
He draws ABE LEE-ward down.

Then BUTLER taps the crimson *Vine*,
And HOOKER baits with *fins*,
MCLELLAN *bars* the rebels' line,
But GRANT will *tan* their *skins*.

Now countless warriors meet in war,
Conflicting foes assail ;
Jeff mounts his nigger-cotton-car,
And Abe soars on a rail.

Then belches forth the metal storms,
Thro' clouds of fire and smoke ;
The yell of fiends, the clash of arms,
Announce the dreadful shock.

Like avalanche from Alpine heights,
Still rolls the sea of blood,
Till Southern lands and hosts on hosts
Are swept beneath its flood.

Along the Shenandoah vale,
The fiery billows haste,
And sweep that Southern paradise
Into a houseless waste.

Onward thro' Georgia's blooming land
They carve their deadly course,
Like wild tornado belching forth
Its life-destructive force.

Golgothian mounds of martial dead,
Where foe and friend repose,
Mark out the nation's battle-fields ;—
Sad wreck of kindred foes.

The very air seems craped in black,
The earth with horror reels,
Nor can the suff'ers' tears wash out
The pangs a nation feels.

War makes the human soul a fiend,
Its residence, a hell ;
And evil riots in the heart,
Where virtue ought to dwell.

Even 'midst our own Canadian homes,
Commotion rules the hour ;
The Fenians brood o'er Ireland's ills,
And spurn old England's power.

Whilst Uncle Abe, and Cousin Dix,
A day anticipate,
When they shall chain the Albion bull,
And rule COLONIA'S fate.

Prophetic shadows from the past
Enshroud the infant year,
And man, still blind to future ills,
Can only "*guess and fear.*"

But let us trust in Providence,
With loyal heart and hands,
To guard our nation's honor'd name,
Our household and our lands.

On Seeing a Meteor, or Shooting Star.

Whilst gazing on the starry sky,
One lovely Autumn night,
I saw a sparkling meteor fly,
And fill its path with light.
It seem'd to be of heavenly birth,—
An angel's brilliant gem;
But, ah! it lived as things of earth,
And died, alas! like them.

We are but flying meteors here;
We live—we flash—we die;
And scarcely light the course we steer
In time's terrestrial sky.
The sons of earth aspiring forth,
On golden wings of fame,
May blaze along their aerial path,
Yet die in their own flame.

The fop who lives to love and court
 His mimic in the glass,
His life is but a flick'ring sort
 Of sky-ignited *gas*.
The fascinating belle—to whom
 Life's common day seems dark,
Soon sparkles out her vital bloom,
 Tho' bright with many a *spark*.

The spendthrift in his folly flies,—
 A gem of *silvery* light,
Thus, meteor-like he lives,—but dies,
 'Mid time's oblivious night.
Mar's proudest son who soars to fame
 On daring wings of war,
Amid the strife of brilliant life,
 May fall a "*shooting star*."

But he who breathes the living light
 Of heaven's immortal skies,
Enkindles life—tho' dark as night—
 With light that never dies;
But when he flies from earth thro' skies,
 To worlds more glorious far,
He'll shine in Heaven's own firmament
 A bright eternal Star.



The Newspaper Printer.

Closed within his dusky closet,
Poring o'er his press exchanges,
Scissors!—how the printer goes it,
Mason-like, each block arranges,
Tending to his sooty-typoies,
Proof correctors, news recorder,
Inky "*devils*," books, *et ceteras*,
Keeping them and work in order.

Day and night, thro' every season,
Toiling, slave-like for his paper,
Wasting manhood's life and reason,
Like his midnight burning taper:
Bee-like, daily testing, gleaning,
Food for every taste and feeling,
Then with cosmoramic meaning,
Half the world at once revealing.

He has wants like other mortals,
He has life that needs subsistence,—
Yes,—a soul whose open portals
Seek supplies for its existence.
He must have a house to dwell in,
Furnish'd, too, with what is needed;
Clothes to wear—a wife and children—
Common wants thus not exceeded.

He must pay for types and presses,
 Ink and paper, light and fuel,
 Men to help him, rent and taxes,—
 All of these require renewal.
 To a stream that's daily running,
 Sources must be still supplying:
These prevent a printer dunning,
These what keep his stream from drying.

If he toils for fame or fortune,
 If he slaves for food or pleasure,
 Little care his readers, certain,
 When they've read his printed treasure.
 Where are now his countless papers?
 Yearly volumes he produces;—
 Pass'd away like morning vapors,
 When they've serv'd their time and uses.

What supports a “weakly paper?”
 Animates its brains and fibres?
 What repays the printer's labor?
 'Tis a *host* of good subscribers.
 What makes printers sad complainants,—
 Poor and anxious, heartless, dying?
 'Tis a *host* of old delinquents,
 Still receiving, non-supplying.

Men of reason! men of feeling!
 Men of every grade and color!
 Be the PRINTER'S FRIEND in dealing—
 Take his paper—pay your dollar.
 Think what hours of thought and labor,
 Day and night, by sun and taper,
 Making every man his neighbor
 Who receives his friendly paper.

Old delinquents ! draw reflection
From these facts which I have stated,
Help your *Friend*—tho' no connexion,
Long enough he's worked and waited.
Treat him gently—pay what's given,
With a heart of love o'erflowing :
'Tis a foot-step nearer *Heaven*,
Paying debts you long were owing.

The Virtue of Tea.

The products of nature, tho' varied indeed,
Are each for some purpose design'd,—
To clothe and to comfort, to cure and to feed,
And benefit beast and mankind.
There is not an herb or a leaflet that grows,
Whatever their virtue may be,
So soothing a charm to our feeling bestows,
Nor half so reviving as TEA.

When man to his home in the evening returns,
Fatigued with the toils of the day,
There's nothing, indeed, like a cup of good tea,
To drive his ill-feelings away.
It gives him a love for his household and home,
A relish for all that is good ;
But man without tea is a plague to himself,—
Displeas'd with his wife and his food.

When nature at evening its curtain unfolds,
And tapers are giving their light,
Around the tea-table the happy households
With cheerful emotions unite.
Thus seated, they smile and conversantly chat;
The children are prattling in glee;
Sweet hour of the evening—all hail thee with
When bless'd by the presence of Tea. [joy,

The steam from the kettle has musical sounds,
The clink of the cups has a charm,
And tea, like the nectar, has magical power,
To animate, comfort, and warm.
How lonely the hermit in solitude sits!
How wretched the miser must be!
As they seek not the social enjoyments of life,
They know not the virtue of Tea.

The drunkard delights in those alcohol-drinks,
Whose virus allures to destroy;
Away with the wine cup, and dash from the lips
Its counterfeit essence of joy.
All hail to the tea-cup—its potions inspire
The soul of the poet with glee;
And the spirits who thirst for the fountain of
May find a relief in good Tea. [fame

All hail to the tea-pot! its essence can cure
An ache in the vitals or head;
It strengthens the system, enlightens the brain,
And animates life when half dead;
And when human nature grows hoary and weak,
Tho' tasteless the viands may be,
To give them a relish, and renovate age,
No cordial is equal to Tea.

It lends an enchantment at gath'ring or feast,
But more so when neighbor-wives meet;
'Tis then that its virtue with vigor exhales,
And gives them a relish to eat;
Then, many a mystical problem is solv'd,
And gossipping story set free;
In frolicsome humor they sip and converse,
Oh ! what would wives do without Tea!

Had Noah but drank of its nectarous juice,
Instead of his narcotine drink,
His morals would not have been half so loose,
Nor yet would his raiment—I think.
Had Adam partook of this wonderful plant,
In place of the old apple-tree,
He might have been still in his Paradise-home,
With Eve now enjoying his Tea.

King Solomon certainly favor'd the "leaf,"
He had such a number of wives;
But wine he condemn'd as a curse to mankind,
And that vestige of evil survives.
'Twas tea that enliven'd his spirit with wit,
And made him so loving and free,
Nor would he have been so distinguish'd and
Were it not for the virtue of Tea. [wise,

All hail to old China's "Celestial" empire,
Obscur'd in antiquity's birth,
The land where the *last tree of Eden* still grows,
And sends its perfume o'er the earth.
Ere long may that land from its darkness emerge,
Its sons from their idols set free;
'Tis then we shall prize their distinction and
As much as we welcome their Tea. [worth

The Dominion of Canada--our Hame.

A HALLOWEEN POEM.

Leavin' kintra, hame, an' kindred,
 Ower the sea our fathers came :
 Thro' amang the wuds they wander'd,
 Ilka ane sought oot a hame.
 Forest wilds were roun' them scowlin',
 Barrin' oot the blink o' day ;
 Savage monsters nichtly howlin',
 Scowrin roun' in quest o' prey.

There they rear'd their rude log-biggin,
 Faund a hame amang the wuds ;
 Sair they toil'd tae mak a livin',
 Theekit aft in hamely duds.
 Aix in hand they fell'd the forest ;
 Fields o' grain begoud tae glower ;
 Syne at length the kintra flourish'd,—
 Nature felt the human power.

Such is noo our new Dominion,
 Rais'd as by some wizard's wand ; *
 Happy hame o' kindred union,
 Labor's peacefu' "Promis'd Land."
 Whaur the settler rear'd his shanty,
 Stately mansions rise instead ;
 Herds are seen, an' fields o' plenty
 Whaur the wild-beasts used tae tread.

Steamers course our lakes an' rivers,
Travers'd ance by bark canoes ;
We hae railroads, tae, like ithers,
Telegraphs tae bring us news ;
Brigs that are a wORLD's wonder,
Link our rivers' fertile strands,
Phoenix-like, in stately grandeur,
Cities rise thro'-out our lands.

Here we hae baith kirk an' college,
Gospel light an' grace galore ;
Schools tae fill our youths wi' knowledge.
Public prints an' buiks in store ;
Here the fruits o' honest labor
Cluster owre the fertile soil ;
Ilka ane's a brither-naebor,
A' are free-born sons o' toil.

Strivin' ay without contention,
Helpin' ilk in times o' need ;
Kith an' creed, without dissention,
Meet an' mix as friens indeed.
Here, nae tyrant chiefs oppress us ;
Here, nae slave nor serf we see ;
Neither State nor Kirk suppress us,
Laws which bind us mak' us free.

Tho' we hae nae hills wi' heather,
Gowany glens nor daisied green,
Azure skies an' sunny weather,
Gie a grace tae ilka scene.
Here we hae nae drizzlin' vapor,
Sunshine smiles thro' ilka shower ;
Frost an' snaw assist our labor,
Brace our nerves wi' iron power.

Tho' we love the land we live in,
 Bless'd wi' mercies frae above,
 Native hearths are still endearin',
 Kindlin' ay our hearts wi' love.
 Youthfu' mem'ries never perish,
 They are carved in stane, not sand ;
 Thus we fondly love tae cherish,
 Customs o' our Fatherland.

E'en throughout this wide Dominion,
 Scotia's sons this night convene,
 Roun' the board in social union,
 Blythe tae haud their Hallow-e'en.
 Kindred mem'ries still inspire us,
 As the hallow'd night returns,
 Minglin' wi' the haloed glories
 Roun' our ain IMMORTAL BURNS.

Hail, Auld Scotia ! ay endearin',
 Still our hearts will throb for thee ;
 Hail, proud Albion ;—yes, an' Erin,
 Here's the land that maks ye free.
 Land o' freedom ! land o' labor !
 Land whaur Christian graces smile ;
 We shall crush the vile invader,
 Wha wad daur tae fyle its soil.

Hail Acadia ! boon companion,
 Scotia's pride augments thy powers ;
 British bluid still warms thy bosom,
 Say, fond brither, why not ours ?
 E'en this night we fondly bless ye,
 Kindred links unites us twain,
 Not as foes but friens we'll miss ye,
 Gin ye break Dominion's chain.

Judah's tribes frae Israel's parted,
 Spurn'd the power that gied command ;
 Kindred bluid in deadly hatred,
 Deluged syne their " PROMISED LAND."
 Why should such annul our " UNION "?
 Why reject the promise given ?
 Peace thro'out our New Dominion,
 Shall secure the grace o' Heaven.



The Bottled Serpent.

Tho' Eden's bowers inhaled from Heaven
 Their animating breath,
 Yet, to their flowery realm was given
 The Upas-tree of death.
 But God inscribed on every *leaf*,—
 Tho' pleasing to the eye,
 " *Touch, taste, and handle not the fruit,*
Or else ye sin and die."

That tree still lives, and every leaf
 Contains the same command,
 Inscribed in language of the heart,
 Which all can understand.
 There's not a plant that grows on earth,
 But breathes its Maker's breath,
 Yet hidden are within its cells,
 The *vital germs of death.*

The very grain that feeds our life,
And lends it health and force,
When touch'd by man's demoniac hand,
Becomes a deadly source.
The very good which God design'd,
Is stifled in its birth,
When man unmasks the germs of death,
And strews them o'er the earth.

Transmitted from the TREE of SIN,
That God in Eden placed,
The seed assimilates itself
To man's corrupted taste,
The serpent still is crawling round,
Polluting every flower ;
But when preserv'd in alcohol,
It shows its greatest power.

The bottled serpent hath a sting,
A poison in its breath ;
That sting is sin,—its wound is woe ;
The poison,—certain death.
Thro' every age of every clime,
That deadly foe is traced ;
Its countless pyramids of dead
Seem like a world laid waste.

It beggars life, degrades the soul,
Begets disease and crime,
And shades the shining lamp of Heaven,
That cheers the gloom of time.
The bottle takes the Bible's place,
And home becomes a hell,
Where curses serve instead of prayers,
And "EVIL SPIRITS" dwell.

A single drop of liquid fire
May generate a thirst
That soon will rouse its quenchless flames,
If not suppress'd at first.
The child that sucks its liquid food
Out from its mother's breast,
Is but a type of innocence,
Which man at first possess'd.

Perchance those lips so seeming pure,
May kiss the filthy bowl,
And drink those deadly drugs of sin,
Which neutralize the soul.
Such was the drunkard's dawn of life,
Its source as pure within ;
His lips are now with curses sear'd,
And stink with liquid sin.

Yon haggard slave with tatter'd garbs,
And sin-polluted breath,
See, how he crawls beneath the chains
Which drag him down to death ;
His honor lost—his name disgraced—
With few to help or save,
He headlong falls—to fill at length
A vile dishonor'd grave.

Oh why will ye !—ye slaves of self,
Still love your tyrant foe !
The foe that steals your household-gifts,
And fills the void with woe.
Oh ye, who once had happy homes !
One moment, pause !—to think ;
Recal those blissful years of life
Ere ye had learn'd to drink.

Your birth announced a mother's gift,
 Her love exulting smiled,
And life's prospective scenes arose,
 To bless her darling child.
How pleased to hear your infant tongue
 Its accents first exclaim ;
Perchance, to lisp some cradle-hymn,
 And breathe your Maker's name.

Each year increased your parents' joy,
 Tho' care with love began,
Hope's pleasing prospects promised much,
 The boy became the man.
But your unguarded lips, at length,
 Did kiss the nectar bowl ;
'Twas then your parents' prayerful hopes
 Were crush'd within their soul.

Perchance their hearts were also crush'd,
 Thus hast'ning life to death,
Yet, still for you, a prayer to heaven,
 Fled with their closing breath.
Perchance their spirits oft return'd
 With messages from Heaven,
But sought in vain your penitence,
 To have your sins forgiven.

And she, who smiled with hopeful joy,
 To seal your nuptial vow,
Perchance has fill'd an early grave,
 Or, weeps in sorrow now.
Why did ye leave such loving ones,
 Your household, and your hearth,
To seek enjoyment from that source
 Which makes a hell on earth.

Dash from your lips the cursed bowl
To which your passions cling,
Purge out the poison from your soul,
And break the serpent's sting.
Go bathe your soul in penitence,
And lift your faith to Heaven!
But cling to Christ—your safety ark—
And ye shall be forgiven.

The World's Grumblers.

The earth is God's organic harp ;
'Tis strung with chords of varied tone,
From soft to hard, from dull to sharp,
Yet oft these sounds are heard alone.
The Spirit-Power performs the whole,
And links the notes by nature's art ;
But men, with sin-perverted soul,
Too oft from nature's laws depart.

Life's music oft is jarring sounds,
The harshest notes too often play'd ;
Even nature's self exceeds its bounds,
Since first its music-chords were made.
The thunder grumbles from the clouds,
Perhaps because the lightnings glare ;
And winter in its snowy shrouds,
Oft murmurs thro' the icy air.

The ocean grumbles on the rocks
That intercept its tidal course;
Earth growls with its convulsive shocks,
When nature's laws disturb its force.
When pebbles check or ledge intrudes,
The rivers in their channels growl;
And great Niagara's tumbling floods
Belch forth their dread incessant howl.

The world is stunn'd with grumbling sounds,
The good and evil 's yet at strife,
The din of Babel still confounds
The music-tones of Eden's life.
I pity much the nervous soul,
The man of sentimental taste,
Who grumbles at the world's control,
And fancies everything 's misplaced.

How many toil to please mankind,
In hopes to reap both gold and fame,
But grieve to find the world so blind,
As scarce to recognise their name.
The author wastes his cruise of oil,
In hopes to live eternal years;
But many waste their brains and toil,
Then wash away their life with tears.

Yon tender, nerve-elastic soul,
Whose heart exhales poetic fires,
He thinks the world a wretched hole,
And murmurs on till life expires.
Yon stripling feels the force of love,
And guards his care with jealous eye,
Yet oft the moon and stars above
Have heard his grumbling bosom sigh.

The coxcomb dons the stylish garb,
To every lady doffs his hat,
Yet deeply feels a rival's barb,
And growls offence at *this and that*.
The maid with envious soul complains,
When raven-locks first tinge with gray ;
And faded charms augment her pains,
When youth and beaux have pass'd away.

The culprit grumbles in his chains ;
The exile frets his lonely hours ;
The wounded murmur in their pains ;
The hero—in his vanquish'd powers.
The drunkard growls at everything,
When liquor, cash, and credit's done ;
'Tis pleasing then to find some spring
From which the whisky-waters run.

The farmer frets the year thro'out :
Time goes too fast—his work too slow,
The weather is too wet—too hot,
He buys too high, or sells too low.
The merchant o'er his ledger frets,
His goods go out with meagre pay,
His trade is dull—he dreads his debts,
But still he sells—and growls away.

The monarch growls with visage sour,
When mobs or counsellors deride,
Even 'midst his regal pomp and power,
He gruffly feels insulted pride.
The politician plants his pole,
And hois's his sign, as Aaron's calf,
But hark ! the growls which grind his soul,
When plebeian crowds hoot, hiss, and laugh.

The lawyer whines when judges snap,
Or when he pleads without effect ;
His client lugs the legal trap,
And growls to find his cash is *check'd*.
The doctor breathes his gospel-prayers—
“Give us this day our daily bread ;”
‘Tis not for public health he cares,
But grumbles when he’s poorly fed.

Even from the pulpit murmurs rise,
Faith grins and snaps its teeth at sin,
“Give—give the Church,” the preacher cries,
But growls when cash comes slowly in.
“Give—give”—claims each grumbling grub,
Earth, give your gold as life is given.”
Ye mammons, why make such hubbub ?
Is gold your God, is earth your Heaven ?

Man is a grumbling case of ills,
He’s rack’d with sorrows, wounds and aches,
And swallows down his bitter pills,
To cure the ills he often makes.
Some men are grumbler all their life,
And fret at every jarring thing ;
Whilst many a mother, maid and wife,
Croak every day, but never sing.

Much better would the world become,
Would man but smile his frown away,
Were every croaking voice made dumb,
And every grumbler learn to pray.
Then would life’s jarring ills be heal’d,
When mingled with the mercies given,
Even death itself a blessing yield,
To smooth the road which leads to Heaven.

A Leap-Year Address.

Allow me now the liberty
To make a few suggestions,
To all of you who feel inclined
To pop the marriage questions.

I hope that all you bachelors
Who try to fly from trouble,
Will change your *single life*, this year,
Into a one that's double.

But dally not your fancied hopes,
By waiting for your *Madam*,
Nor think that she will come to you,
As Eve came forth to Adam.

Perchance, it might have been "Leap Year,"
In which she took such freedom,
Or, p'raps she fell in love with him,
And thought that she might need him.

Then draw the mask from off your face,
And show your manly features,
Deal gently with the "fairer sex,"
Those loved and loving creatures.

Let not deception mar your soul,
Nor sport with their affection,
Nor tantalize the loving heart,
When you have broke connexion.

Oh, never seek for novelties,
To whet your ardent passion,
Nor "play the beau" with half a score,
Altho' 'tis in the fashion.

Ye "fairer ones" exert yourselves,
And keep your eyes in motion,
Altho' you fail, still try again,
To suit your taste and notion.

Have patience like your father Job,
Nor mar your life with grieving,
'Tis time enough to sigh and sob,
When all your sparks are leaving.

Grasp not at glimpses of the ideal,
That round your vision glances,
But what is good hold fast, saith Paul,
So, ladies, hold your chances.

And you!—ye "reverend gentlemen"—
The *sons* of light and reason,
I trust your labors will increase,
At Hymen's shrine this season.

I know you'll sanction what I say,
And think my gospel true;
Were I myself a minister
I'd look for favor too,
And flatter Hymen's courtiers
For such like work to do.



St. Andrew's Night.

The following Verses were dedicated to the Members of the St. Andrew's Society of Belleville, Ont., and read before them at their Annual Meeting, November 31, 1868.



All hail the day that Scotia loves—
 Returning ilka year—
In memory o' her patron saint,
 Whom Scotia's sons revere;
As social friens' we here convene,
 An' britherly unite
Tae blythely spen' an hour or twa
 An' haud St. Andrew's night:

Tho' we hae found in Canada
 A peacefu' happy hame,
Wi' faithfu' hearts we still revere
 The land frae whence we came.
Yon billowed sea that intervenes,
 And laves a foreign strand,
Hath not immers'd the cherish'd love
 We bear for Scotia's land.

Land o' our fathers an' our birth,
 Land o' the free an' brave—
A gem in Britain's honor'd crown,
 Which once our fathers gave.
Her battle-fields are hallowed soil,
 Where aft her warriors bled,
Wha's deeds are history's choicest flowers,
 She scatters o'er the dead.

Her castles, wi' their turrets grey,
Round which the ivy clings,
Bespeak the greatness o' her power,
Her chieftains an' her kings ;
Her mountain minstrels, an' her bards
Immortalize her worth ;
Their inspiration, like the sun,
Encircles all the earth.

The heath, which gives our native hills
Their pure unrivall'd bloom,
Within our bosom's inmost core,
Still lends its sweet perfume.
The happy scenes o' youthful days,
An' friens wha cheer'd our heart,
Hae pass'd awa, yet, still in life,
They form the dearest part.

We worship still our father's God,
Revere the honor'd dead,
Wha for their altars an' their hearths
Most nobly fought and bled.
The Sabbath still returns to us,
A day o' sacred rest,
A heavenly medium o' the soul,
Thro' whlch we're truly blest.

Our spirit's magic chain o' life,
Like telegraphic wires,
Is but a medium o' the heart,
Extending frae our sires,
It links us tae our native strand—
Connecting ilka heart,
An' binds our noble brotherhood,
O' which we form a part.

Yet closer still it links us a',
Whene'er this night returns—
As worshippers around the shrine
O' Wallace, Bruce, an' Burns.
Breathe softly o'er the honor'd dead,
An' drop a kindred tear,
Perchance on Angels' golden wings,
Their spirits hover near.

Like auld Elijah, when they pass'd
Beyond the verge o' earth,
They dropt their mantles on the land
That gave their genius birth.
The memory o' such hallowed names,
Our very soul inspires,
Then hail to Scotia's honor'd land,
Our kindred and our sires.

All hail tae Albion's noble sons,
An' Erin's celtic braves,
An' those o' ilka creed an' kin,
O'er which our banner waves.
Lang may the Thistle, Shamrock, Rose,
A kindred friendship claim,
To decorate the Maple Leaf,
In Canada, our Hame.

An' here's to you, my honor'd friens,
Whom I hae thus address'd,
Receive these complimentary thanks
Frae me, your humble guest.
May Providence still bless your hames,
Lang may you thus unite
Tae blythely spend an hour or twa
An' haud St. Andrew's Night.

Canada--our Country.

All hail to the land of our infant Dominion,
The land where the savage once wildly roam'd
free—

The land of our home and our British-born Union,
That yet shall extend from the sea to the sea.
Beyond its stern coast in its cold misty cover,
Bold Cabot saw nought to induce an advance;
But Cartier at length did its portal discover,
And placed on its heights the proud ensign of
France.

But Britain foresaw in its nucleus a world,
And lifting the hand that held nations at check,
She tore down the flag that old France had un-
furl'd,

And hoisted her own on the heights of Quebec.
'Twas there that brave Wolfe in death's glory
departed,

Amidst the wild tempest of carnage and strife,
While Britain's brave heroes, victorious, exulted,
And valiant Montcalm lost his country and life.

An age has gone by, still that conflict enhances
Our progress of country and union of race;
Whose shadows retire as the soul-light advances
And westward extend with the sun's measur'd
pace.

United we live, and the flag of our Union
Exults in the glories our country has given,
And now may the homes of our peaceful Dominion
Be thrice fondly bless'd by the favors of Heaven.

It was not the wealth of old Europe's proud nations

That gave to our country its richness and strength—

The hand of our fathers first laid the foundations,

And now we build up the bold structure at length.

We boast not the power of the Great Alexander,
Whose blood-color'd banner encircled the world;

The force of the mind is a nobler commander,
With the ensign of peace o'er our country unfurld.

Tho' we boast not the grandeur of mountains
with heather,

Our landscapes are bright 'neath the clear
azure skies;

Even winter's wild storm sand the sun-scorching
weather

Come not without blessings, tho' brought in
disguise.

Our country's expanding—her soil is a treasure,
Her art'ries of life are her rivers and lakes;

Her wheels are revolving by steam's mighty
pressure,

And intellect guides in the course that she
takes.

Our country's our home—independent and free,
We live on the fruits of our diligent labors;

Tho' we differ in creed, we unite to agree,

And cherish those virtues which make us good
neighbors.

Here the tyrant and slave are denied an existence,

The laws of the despot we also condemn,
The worthy are honor'd, the poor get assistance,
And the rich in return are respected by them.

Our country 's the workshop of all occupations—

Independence in labor pervading the whole;
We welcome the toilers of Europe's proud nations

The tythe fetter'd Celt and the down-trodden
Pole.

We recompense virtue, but vice we condemn,

And law to injustice is dealt out with rigor;
Religion is nurs'd as a beautiful gem,

And knowledge grows up like a plant in full
vigor.

We court not the state for a life-boat to heaven,
Nor crawl doubly fettered 'neath tythes and
taxation;

The freedom of Creed 's universally given,
Nor need we bow down to the lords of the
nation.

To tinsel our life with distinctions and title,
We trace not our blood to the dark feudal
age;

A good honest name is more worthy and vital,
To place as our motto on life's title-page.

We flatter not kings to install us as royal,
Our chiefs are the offspring of old sturdy yeo-
men,

Our sons are as true, patriotic and loyal,
And stalwart and brave as the old British
Roman.

Then proudly we hail our United Dominion,
 The home of the freeman, the land of the brave,
 And long may the peace-color'd flag of our Union,
 Encircling our country, exultingly wave.

But why should we boast of proud glory and worth
 No nation of earth has a sure, solid basis—
 The worm of corruption that cankers the birth
 May blast in their blossom its beautiful graces.
 Then spurn from our bosom the reptile of vice,
 And cherish those virtues our Saviour has given,
 Then will our Dominion exultingly rise
 And merit reward in the favors of Heaven.

Nature's Affinity.

Great nature's life-creating king
 Unfurls the universal year,
 His spirit breathes on every thing,
 And gives to all their proper sphere.
 Yon stellar-orbs that gem the sky,
 Are each a centre solar ball,
 'Round which their kindred planets fly,
 Each link'd to each, and bound to all.

And every soil, and clime contain
 Their own peculiar race of things,
 Whose common habits still retain
 The instinct which from nature springs.
 The reed, the fern, the fir, unite,
 To commonage the marshy soil,
 While all the richer plants delight
 To grace the higher fields of toil.

The frog frequents the sedgy pool ;
The warbler loves the sweets of spring ;
Each has its own instinctive rule
By which 'tis taught to croak or sing.
Domestic herds of diff'rent race,
Delight to crop the pastur'd field ;
The wild brute hates the human face,
And prowls in forest-depths conceal'd.

Man, too, selects his special kind,—
Frequents such scenes as suit his taste,
To gratify his bent of mind,
And seldom is his choice misplaced.
Ingredients of unequal kind
- May chance to meet, yet will not blend,
But separate parts their equals find,
And then unite as friend with friend.

The school-boy loves exciting sports,
Companions, too, who take a part :
And man invents a thousand sorts,
To please the flick'rings of his heart,
The fop and flirt delight to meet,
And revel in the music hall,
Or, squirm along the gazing street,
And think themselves admired by all.

The pebbled brook, the zephyr'd trees,
That whisper forth in sad'ning tone,
The drooping soul retires to these
To blend their murmurs with its own.
The hermit seeks the lonely cave,
And finds a world within himself;
"Stock's up ;" exclaims the miser-knave,
And bows before his idol-pelf.

The sailor loves his ocean-home,
And quaffs a joy from every wave,
To distant lands he loves to roam,
And every storm delights to brave.
The poet loves the blooming shade,
The hill, the vale, the murmur'ring stream,
To seek to find his ideal maid,
To breathe to her his mystic dream.

The warrior loves the tented field,
The battle's din, the cannon's roar,
Where human foes, with valor steel'd,
Contest, like fiends, on fields of gore.
The author loves the quiet nook,
To hold communion with himself;
And finds a soul in every book,
Congenial friends on every shelf.

'he drunkard loves the filthy bowl,
The den of sin where "*Spirits*" dwell,
With kindred friends to waste his soul,
And sport around the verge of hell.
The Christian loves the calm retreat,
To hush the voice of Sabbath care;
And loves with loving friends to meet
To worship in the "House of Prayer."

Even in those realms where Spirits dwell,
Like joins to like, and, taste with taste;
But fiends in heaven, or saints in hell,
Would sadly find themselves misplaced.
Oh, may we tread those heavenly paths,
That once our Great Exemplar trod,
To shun the world's polluting depths,
And form a fellowship with GOD.

Sunday Reading.

Many persons who profess the name of Christian, make it customary to mis-spend a portion of the Lord's Day in reading newspapers, novels, and other profane literature. To them—the following verses are respectfully addressed by the Author.

The Christian-tree, tho' spreading wide,
Has roots which seem but shallow,
Its fruits in part look shrunk and dried,
And many leaves are yellow.
Even many a leaf is torn and stain'd
By Christian men of leading,
Who pander to their sinful tastes,
And practise "Sunday Reading."

The public prints, be what they may,
With magazine and novel,
Are thus devour'd by thousands now,
In mansion, manse, and hovel.
'Tis strange indeed that pious men,
Even those of highest breeding,
Should pander to their vicious tastes,
With such—their "Sunday Reading."

Some go to church to satisfy
A sort of pious notion,
But spend their afternoons at home,
Without the least devotion,—
At length to lull their sleepy souls,
With rest, they think they're needing,
When mind and eye are wearied out,
With such—their "Sunday Reading."

Some think the church can cleanse their heart
From every vice and folly;
While others think the preacher's art
Can make them good and holy.
With some the service ends the day,
Their soul forgets its needing,
Then crowds resort to feast or sport,
And some to "Sunday Reading."

Yon gay young Miss with flirting eyes,
Tho' proud of dress and beauty,
Still feels inclined to recognize
A sense of pious duty;
To church she goes for gospel food,
On which the "saints" are feeding;
Oh, who would think that one so good,
Would practise "Sunday Reading."

There too, a pious grave young man,
In posture half reclining,
His soul appears with grace inspired,
Some gospel truths divining.
His serious face, with down-cast eyes—
As if his nose was bleeding,
Is but the counterfeit of one,
Who loves his "Sunday Reading."

See yonder sits a saintly sire,
With sanctified decorum,
He peers as if the preacher was
An angel placed before him;
His soul is stirr'd by every word,
His sacred heart is bleeding,
Oh, who would think that such a saint
Would practise "Sunday Reading."

There sits a meek and goodly dame,
 Her household flock beside her,
Hark, how she chants at every line,
 Her lips still op'ning wider,
Her heavenly mien as then 'tis seen,
 But shows her graceful breeding
Oh, who would deem that godly queen,
 Would love her "Sunday Reading."

With folded hands and lengthen'd face,
 Behold yon pious deacon,
Absorbing every word of grace,
 Himself a glorious beacon,
Perhaps when he has dined on what
 His mortal part was needing,
He may forget each pious thought,
 And take some "Sunday Reading."

Had sainted sinners such as these,
 But lived with holy Moses,
He would have hung them up to freeze,
 Like codfish by their noses,
If man assumes the Christian garb,
 Which every soul is needing,
His *Sabbaths* should be sacred days—
 Not marr'd by "Sunday Reading."

Man still should be a Christian-Jew,
 A "Hallow'd-Day" believer,"
At church, and home, exemplar, too,
 And not a soul-deceiver.
The Sabbath is a day design'd,—
 A day the soul is needing,
To worship God and read his "Word"
 Instead of "Sunday Reading."

Leap-Year Matrimony.

Ye daughters of Eve, who are single in life,
Yet willing to double your fondest affections,
Let your feelings be stir'd with the heart-thrilling strife,
And welcome "Leap-Year" to increase your connections.

"Look out" for the "spark" that will kindle a "match,"
To fire up the fuel of mutual affection;
But thaw out the feelings of every old "Batch,"
Who coldly attempts to make any objection.

Speak gently young ladies, perchance you are heard,
When you jokingly throw out a secret suggestion,
And also, be sure when your feelings are stirr'd,
To whisper down softly, and pop out the "question."

And when you have found out a help-mate to suit,
Let not your affection be trifled nor wasted;
And should you be tempted to touch Eden's fruit
Be sure that you ask not your husband to taste it.

Oh ! let not the serpent of jealousy come
 To tempt you to eat of the fig-tree he planted,
 When he raps at your door, shout, "the master's
 at home."
 And tell him at once that his lordship's not
 wanted.

Young men now-a-days are too apt to look out
 For fashionable ladies whose purse is their
 pleasure,
 But after experience will teach them, no doubt,
 That a good virtuous wife is a much better
 treasure.

What is under the sun is but vanity all,
 Was said by the wisest of Israelite teachers ;
 But not so with marriage, if we believe Paul,
 And he was the greatest of Christian-church-
 preachers.

When Adam was form'd from the newly made
 ground.
 And placed in the garden, ere Eve was created,
 Isolated and lonely he felt when he found
 That all living things but himself had been
 mated.

So, lonely he laid himself down in his crib,
 At Eve when tired nature demanded reposing,
 But, early next morning he found his best rib,
 Had been made into woman the time he was
 dozing.

Altho' it was morning he called her Miss Eve,
 For she was created a-Miss to be Madam ;
 Be this as it may, I'm inclined to believe
 She very soon after became Mrs. Adam.

Some men have endeavor'd to make us believe,
That Adam was happy till he began dozing,
And therefore, they say, that he named his wife
Eve,
As he knew that the *Day* of his Pleasures was
closing.

Believe not such stories, tho' some people will,
His happiness then was but only beginning,
And would have continued increasingly still,
Had not Mrs. Adam just then commenced sin-
ning.

Had only Eve tasted, and Adam had not,
It would have effected a life separation;
As no other woman was then to be got,
He thought it much better to yield to tempta-
tion.

But had he remain'd in his innocent state,
His lady 'tis certain, would have to leave only,
So he thought it much better to share in her fate,
As he knew what it was to live single and
lonely.

Then 'rouse up, young men, you have chances at
stake,
The game-cat is seldom found sleeping or
purring,
I warn you, however, to sleep "wide awake,"
And keep a "look out" when your rib begins
stirring.

Follow Adam's example in loving your Eve,
But touch not the fruit that is strictly forbidden,
And crush down the serpent that comes to deceive
For oft 'neath the flowers the vile reptile is
hidden.

But flee not like Cain to the regions of Nod,
 To build up your dreams like the pyramid
 Babel,
 But seek out some sweet matrimonial abode,
 That you might replenish whene'er you get
 Abel.

Paddy's First Game Hunt.

Poor Paddy left his verdant isle,
 To Canada he came,
 Where he could be a nobleman,
 And hunt the country's game.
 When he had safely disembark'd,
 He rigg'd himself complete,
 An' strowl'd into the narest woods,
 To shoot what game he'd meet.

At length beside a dirty pool,
 A wondrous thing he saw;
 It knelt upon its hinder legs,
 And work'd its under jaw:
 He stared at it, it stared at him,
 But nare a peg they stirr'd,
 An', troth, he ne'er had eyed before,
 So swate a darlin' bird.

Its head wus square, its eyes wur big,
 An' rowl'd wid glarin' hue,
 Its pelt resembled leather-hide,
 Sure, it wus freckled too.

"By troth," said he, "tish not a bird,
It has four legs at laste,
An' nare a wing it has to fly,
Sure it must be a baste."

He eyed it, ev'ry part, again,
Its size, its color, shape ;
By garrah, then, he thought it was
A young Canadian ape.
He spake, but nare a word it said,
Of either good or bad ;
An', sure, it was no ape at all,
For nare a tail it had.

"Sure, if I am decaiv'd," said he,
"I must be fool'd or drunk,
So if it ish no baste at all,
It must be then a '*skunk*'
Maybe ye are the '*rip-o-tile*'
The Frinchmen ate in Lint,
For, troth, I know ye are no skunk,
Or faith I'd feel yer scint.

"I've heard afore av sich as ye,
But I forget what tish,
Had ye but wings an' feather'd pelt,
Ye'd make a '*flying-fish*'.
Maybe ye are a turtle, sur,
Or young Newfunland whale,
An' troth ye'd make a moighty baste,
Had ye a monkey's tail."

He eyed it oer an' oer again,
It gazed at him the while,
"Bedad," said he, "I know ye now,
You are a '*crocodile*'.

You are the very baste itself,
 The gentry likes to ate,
 Tho' small you are, I know yer flesh
 Will make delacious maite.

"By garrah, sur, I'll shoot ye dead,
 An' ship ye home by mail,
 A presint to my mother, sure,
 From her dear Pat O'Nale."
 But as he dhrew his mushkit up,
 To murdther it, by gog,
 It plung'd itself into the shtraim,
 An' grunted out "BULL-FROG."

The Age of Fashion.

When living in the Forest-Age,
 We lived as hermits do,
 We never thought of fashions, then,
 Nor anything that's new.
 We lived in shanties made of logs,
 With window and one door,
 The ceiling was a roof of bark,
 And slabs composed the floor.

The hearth was large, and space so small,
 We scarce could stir about;
 And in the roof there was a hole
 To let the smoke go out.
 We lived on what the land brought forth,
 And knew no daintied fare;
 We spun and made the garbs we wore,
 And they were made to wear.

The axe has hewn an ample space,
For everything that's new ;
And cultured scenes adorn the land
Where rugged forests grew.
In stately mansions now we live,
And feast on dainty things ;
Our very clothes and luxuries
Are fit for foreign kings.

In palaces impell'd by steam,
We ride from place to place ;
Electric wings convey our thoughts,
Like solar-beams thro' space.
Our sleighs and gigs have wheel'd away
The rough ox-sled and cart ;
And implements are now produced
By scientific art.

The cook-stove shades the good old hearth,
Where back-log fires were bright ;
Our lamps outshine the taper's gleam,
With rays like solar-light.
Pianos now are daily heard,
Instead of spinning-wheels ;
Soirees and concerts take the place
Of kicking up our heels.

Our churches now have bells and spires,
Each pew 's a sacred place,
Where we can loll in cushion'd ease,
Beneath the Gospel's grace :
Our ministers are fashion'd scribes ;
Our faith is orthodox ;
But we must ape the fashion now,
And grind our "*Music-Box*."

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ore,

Our youths are educated now
To spurn their fathers' trade,
On golden wings they strive to soar
Above their parents' grade.
Our boys are known as gentlemen,
Our girls are ladies now,
It is the fashion shapes the cloth,
And that's the reason how.

Old-fashion'd things have pass'd away,
Their marks we scarcely trace :
In almost everything we are
A fast progressing race.
Our wearing clothes are fashion'd now,
From foreign styles of art,
And forest-garbs of homespun-grey,
No longer form a part.

Our winter-coats, to give us warmth
Were made like monkish sacks,
But those old-fashion'd envelopes,
No longer warm our backs.
The "swallow-tail'd," on holidays,
Alas, are worn no more,
And now we have no tails *behind*,
Where there were tails *before*.

For fashion's sake, the tailors' sheers
Curtail our coats so small,
That we can scarcely recognise
A sort of tail at all.
And if by such curtailing work
Our shape be still abused,
In place of tail'd or tail-less coats,
"Strait-jackets" must be used.

We've also various styles of hats,
One style can scarcely do ;
Thus, like the moon, we often change,
But change for something new.
Dominion hats of velvet fur,
Are now a common show,
With peaks above like steeple cones.
But not a peak below.

The ladies used to wear their hats,
Of such prodigious size,
Their heads appear'd as in balloons,
To soar towards the skies ;
The winter-winds and solar-rays,
Were always sure to miss them ;
But 'neath such inconvenient hats,
'Twas difficult to kiss them.

To make it more accessible
To their fastidious beaus,
They turn'd them back upon their heads,
And tied them to their nose,
But very soon this fashion fell,
Another rose instead,
They scoop'd the rims, and poked them up
Ten inches from their head.

But after all this did not please,
It only served its day,
They then curtail'd them less and less,
And clipt the rims away,
Endeavoring thus to suit their taste,
And make their bonnets small,
They clipt away until they found
They had no hat at all.

Thus year by year, from bad to worse,
 Their fashions grew the faster,
 Until by chance they found at last,

A sort of "*sticking-plaster*;"
 And this they bandage on their crown,
 To make their heads look small;
 By such like fashions, very soon
 They'll have no heads at all.

Oh, where are now the braided hair,
 And all the graceful curls,
 Or "*catch-the-beau*," and such like kinks,
 That beautified our girls?
 I see no more the "*flowing locks*,"
 But "*water-falls*" instead;
 With such a *notion* they may turn
 To "*water-in-the-head*."

Now vails are banish'd from their face,
 Which hid their modest smile;
 The fashion of old Ruth gives place
 To quite a diff'rent style.
 No more they wear the curtain-gauze,
 To dim the gaze of crowds,
 For, lo, we find their heads are now
 Surrounded by the "*clouds*."

As thro' the clouds the sun creates
 A *bow* upon the sky;
 So with their *clouds*, to make a *beau*,
 The ladies also try.
 To keep secure from drift and cold,
 And safe from sudden squalls,
 They draw their *clouds* around their head,
 And then the "*water-falls*."

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Of all the fashions of the age,
 These only are a few,
 We have them in domestic life,
 And in the public, too.
 The old and young, the rich and poor,
 The savage and the sage,
 Are fond of innovations now,
 And fashions of the age.

'Tis pride misleads our better part,—
 Too oft to follies blind,—
 Whene'er to fashion's fancy-art
 We sacrifice the mind.
 We may be fast becoming wise,
 Yet, learn at fools' expense,
 But prudence is the safest-guide
 To guard our COMMON-SENSE.

Epitaph,

Engraved on the Tombstone erected to the Author's Father.

Reader ! whoe'er thou art, pause o'er this tomb,
 Where sleep the ashes of parental worth ;
 Behold the emblem of thy mortal doom,
 Thy birth-right and thy lowly bed of Earth.

My father's worth still claims my filial love,
 His earthly part Earth only could retain ;
 He lived to die, and died to live above,
 My loss, tho' great, is his eternal gain.

Song: By the Ocean Side.

Written at Liscomb, Nova Scotia.

I love to sit by the ocean-side,
 In the warm and stilly night,
 While the moonbeams dance on the rippling tide,
 Like a myriad gems of light;
 Where naught is heard but the tide on shore,
 And the boatman's cheering song,
 And the gentle dash of the dripping oar,
 As he swiftly glides along.

Chorus.

Gliding along in his fancy boat,
 Guiding his course by the pebbled shore,
 Chiming along as the surges float,
 Timing the tune with his steady oar.

The winds are hid in the mystic caves,
 And the sea-bird seeks its nest;
 The seaman is rock'd on the restless waves,
 And the landsman's home to rest;
 The young tar leans on the gallant mast,
 Thinking of friends who are dear,
 Casting his eye o'er the ocean vast,
 And dropping a silent tear.

Chorus.

Gazing alone on the lonely deep,
 Blessing each spot where his fancies roam,
 Sadly his feelings their vigils keep,
 Thinking of loved ones left at home.

The tide rolls on like the waves of life
That glides o'er the depths of time ;
And the surges beat like the pulsive heart,
And chant in their choral rhyme ;
But deep submerg'd in the watery realm,
A world of mystery lies,
Like the mystic sphere of the spirit-land,
Unseen by the human eyes.

Chorus.

Living unseen in the deep unknown,
Breathing its life 'neath the surging crest,
Wedded to earth, yet living alone,
Silent as death, but never at rest.

The tide rolls on, and the moon still shines,
O'er the tomb where the lost ones sleep ;
But I fear not the ghosts of the ocean-dead,
Nor sprites of the murky deep.
The boatman's song, and the surging tide,
Have a mystic charm for me,
As lonely I sit in the moonlit shade,
By the side of the deep blue sea.

Chorus.

Musing alone as the tide rolls on,
Wooing the heart till the pulse beats free,
Dreaming of home and the long loved ones ;
Sitting alone by the moon-lit sea.



In and Out of Eden.

Man, newly form'd, was placed 'mid Eden's bowers,
To herd the flocks and tend the various flowers ;
His food and drink were such as nature gave,
With no false tastes and appetites to crave ;
This peaceful realm in innocence he trod,
And held communion with his parent-God ;
While angels fill'd the air with rich perfume,
And Eden smiled as with celestial bloom.
But perfect man was not complete with those,
Till from himself his counterpart arose,
That part, which he beheld with joyous pride,
Design'd by Heaven to be his loving bride.

Oh, blissful pair ! of every good possess'd,
Ere sin had come to mar the peaceful breast ;
Life's future toils and ills to them unknown,
Heaven's king their parent, and the world their own.
But Eve soon felt the power of beauty's pride,
And claim'd the right to be a royal bride ;
Pleas'd with the thought, she sought the loveliest bower,
And wreath'd a crown with their elysian flowers ;
Her beauteous charms were thus improved by art,
Which roused a prouder feeling in her heart.
Struck with the beauty of the crown she wore,
Her husband smiled and praised her charms the more,

Thus he thro' love her weakest powers careas'd,
Till pride became a *serpent* in her breast ;
Observing thus the mystic power of art,
She wish'd some further beauty to impart,
To lend enchantment to her native charms,
To seem more lovely in his loving arms,
And wand'ring round the realm of flowery
bowers,

She sought the richest gems, the rarest flowers.
At length she came to yonder hallowed ground,
Where God's own tree with golden fruit was
crown'd ;

Pleas'd with the richness of th' enchanting fruit,
She sprang the hedge and crept towards the
root,

Yet looking round at times with wistful eye,
To see if any angel-guard was nigh :

A strange sensation thrill'd her peaceful breast,
Her spirit poised on conscience wing to rest ;
She stood—she gazed—but felt reluctant still
To raise her hand, or exercise her will,
Till serpent pride a tenfold force had given,
Which snapt the chain that held her soul to
Heaven ;

Unguarded reason thereby lost control,
And passion ruled supremely in her soul ;
With trembling hand she pull'd the branches
down,

And pluckt a golden cluster for her crown ;
With joy and fear she homeward sped in haste ;
The stolen fruit in Adam's hand she placed :
With wondrous eye and half-suspicious look,
The golden cluster in his hand he took,
And strangely gazed upon her blushing face,
Without the former smile of flattering grace.

"Fair One," said he, with voice of faltering sound,
"Thou hast, I fear, profaned the hallowed
ground."

"Hush, hush, my lord," said she, with modest
grace,

"Let not a frown deform thy manly face,
My 'right of freedom,' sir, you must allow;
All that I took was but this single bough:
The 'right of will' I claim as ours by birth,
With sole possession of this realm of earth.
If God created us, why then not free?—
Free to enjoy the fruits of every tree
That please our fancy or that furnish food,—
Free to indulge in all, as all is good."

"Thou reason'st well, fair lady," he replied,
"But still that is not ours which is denied,
God gave sufficient to supply each day;
Our duty is to worship and obey."

"If so, my lord, what end had He in view
To make us perfect and imperfect too?
Why plant a tree in Eden's holy ground,
With golden fruit and blooming verdure crown'd,
To charm the taste and fascinate the eye,
To tempt the heart, and yet its fruits deny?"

"Hush, hush, dear Eve, thy voice betrays thy
heart;
Of God's designs we only know a part,
He nothing makes but what He can control,
And gives His laws to regulate the whole,
Thus every part to others must agree,
Each bound to each, yet every part is free,

But should a part infringe a law possess'd,
That part impairs itself and all the rest.
God made us perfect, but he gave the WILL
To use the means to keep us perfect still,
Or make imperfect every part within,
And thus deform our heavenly souls with SIN :
Such is the freedom we alike possess,
And such its fruit when we its law transgress.
The Earth is God's, and so is Eden too,
Beast, bird, and fish, and everything we view,
We, too, are His, and therefore, why should we
Attempt or dare to touch the hallowed Tree."

"Thou false philosopher," she boldly cried,
"Thy reason like thyself 's but newly tried,
Why darken truth with arguments obscure,
When reason's lamp, like heaven's own light, is
pure.

Behold the beasts which roam the verdant field,
They share in all whate'er their pastures yield ;
The air is free to every bird that flies,
And food to insects every flower supplies,
Fish swim in every stream, without control,
Each in its element enjoys the whole ;
Then why not we, whom God, superior made ;
To whom the gift of language He convey'd,
With wisdom too, akin to that of Heaven,
And passions to enjoy whate'er is given,—
A heart to love, in which a taste incites
Instinctive passions and their appetites ;
Thus were we not design'd to have control,
God ne'er had placed such passions in our soul."

"Thy voice, fair one, I so much loved to hear,
Strikes thro' my soul a sort of quivering fear ;

Thy tongue, indeed, hath eloquence divine,
But thy philosophy discords with mine."

"At once, throw thy philosophy aside,
Uproot thy whims, and rectify thy pride,
Show forth thy dignity, thy power and worth,
Establish now thyself as King of Earth;
Upon thy royal head I'll place my crown,
To worship thee, the angels will come down."

"Thou speakest well, but truth seems dubious
still,
To make belief thou must convince the will,
Thy flattering tongue and fascinating charms,
Are like the sun which lumинates and warms,
I feel their power, but also dread my fate
Should I assume a regal pomp and state;
God reigns as universal King alone,
Then why should I usurp His earthly throne;
Should I partake of that which He denies,
He'd thunder down His vengeance from the
skies."

"Not so, indeed, else from the hand of God,
I would ere now have felt His chastening rod,
'Touch not that fruit,' said He, 'or else ye die,'
See, here's the fruit, my lord—lo, here am I."
Then to her lips the stolen fruit she raised,
Thereof she tasted, and its sweets she praised,
Whilst he in pensive mood, with eye half raised,
Half doubting, half believing, sat and gazed,
While o'er his face the thoughtful passions played
The quivering lips, his feelings, half convey'd.
"Why dost thou look so sad?" she smiling said,
"When every thing around for thee was made,

While universal nature smiles with joy,
With nothing formed to injure or annoy.
God never breathed in thee the breath of life
To look so sour upon thy loving wife,
Then from thy face, where only smiles should
dwell,
Those frightful looks thou must at once dispel,
Then like the bloom that decorates the tree,
Adorn thy manly face and smile on me."

Then to his lips the tempting fruit she placed,
And smiling said, " My lord, this apple taste,
Within its core the noblest virtue lies,
To cheer the soul and make the spirit wise,
'Tis heavenly fruit, on such the angels live,
And heaven itself no richer gems can give :
As clustering pearls they shall adorn my neck,
And with the rest thy royal crown I'll deck :
Why dost thou hesitate to taste and eat ?
The juice is nectrous and the fruit is sweet,
Try then this mellow one—just taste and see,
What's good for angels must be good for thee."

Touch'd with the voice of eloquence and grace,
His yielding passions flushed upon his face,
He gazed a moment on her graceful charms,
Then lovingly embraced her in his arms,
Enraptured thus he clasp'd her to his breast,
And on her lips a thrilling kiss he press'd,
Those lips which form'd a gateway to her tongue
On which the apple juice as nectar hung.
Thus he thro' inadvertance in his haste,
Inhaled the sweets, which tempted him to taste,
Enamor'd thus his reason lost control,
And passions held a riot in his soul,

Until the tempter passion of his breast,
"Like Aaron's serpent swallow'd down the rest,"
Then Adam tasted, and thus Adam fell,
Satanic-like from Paradise to Hell,
Like some huge tree, the monarch of the wood,
That hath ten thousand angry storms withstood,
But from its solid base at length 'tis hurl'd,
And falls as if it falls to shake the world.
Thus fell the first created human pair,
Their branches broken and their roots left bare,
Their foliage blasted in its verdant birth,
Their trunk a shatter'd mass consign'd to earth.
They fell—and falling broke the moral law,
Thro' which their sin-reflected soul they saw;
Then with the fig-tree leaves they clothed their
skin,
In hopes to hide the nakedness of Sin.
With fear they crept among the trees near by,
To hide themselves from th' Omniscient eye;
But God, whose soul is universal light
Unsullied by the shades of sin or night,
Surveys at once the universal whole,
And sees the workings of each human soul.
Short-sighted pair, where's now your reason's
light?
Your bright intelligence, your boasted right,
Your dignity and pomp, your self-renown,
Your vaunted liberty, your throne, your crown,
Why do ye shrink from honor once you claim'd,
Like some whipt child of its own self ashamed;
With hands upon its face, obscures its view,
And fancies it excludes the gazer's too?
Between two oaks where myrtles lent their shade
Which, with the ivy, form'd a dark arcade,

Conceal'd in gloom the sinful couple lay,
Shut from the light of innocence and day ;
They closely nestled to each other's breast,
Like fledglings when the parent leaves the nest,
Crime whets the conscience keenly with remorse,
And fancy lends to fear a tenfold force,
Guilt gives a keener edge to every sense,
And hope and fear give birth to wild suspense.
The soul reflects its guilty parts to view,
And fancies every eye can see them too ;
Thus, every sound convey'd from beast or bird,
They fancied 'twas the voice of God they heard ;
Or, when a rustling leaf disturb'd their ear,
They startling, thought they heard His footsteps
near.

At length when day had nearly closed its light,
And cooling eve approach'd the bed of night,
When animated nature sought repose,
Even they themselves to lull their restless woes,
At this still hour, when not a leaflet stirr'd,
In calm deep solemn tones a voice was heard ;
Roused by the sound they startled from the sod,
And recognized th' Eternal voice of God.

"Oh Adam : where art thou, what hast thou done ?
Hast thou so soon a sinful course begun ?"

"Lo, here am I, my God," he faltering cried,
"To hide my nakedness from Thee I've tried ;
She whom thou gav'st with Thine own glory
 bless'd,
Allured my heart, and I Thy laws transgress'd."

"Oh woman ! source of man's eternal bliss,
Why hast thou sinn'd a double sin like this ?"

" Oh thou my God ; in whom I breathe and live,
Have mercy now, my sin of sins forgive ;
These ardent passions in my youthful breast
Have tempted me, and I Thy laws transgress'd."

" Oh woman ! thou to man superior made,
To thee the finer feelings I convey'd,
I gave thee passions to refine thy heart,
Exalt thy mind, and every good impart,
And reason too, I placed within thy soul,
To check their power and regulate the whole ;
But as these noble gifts thou hast abused,
They for thy grov'ling nature shall be used ;
Shorn of thy former dignity and worth,
In suffering thou thine offspring shalt bring forth.
And thou, oh man, first made of Earth and Heaven,
Is this the recompense for what I've given ?
For thee I breathed upon the infant soil,
And food spontaneous grew without thy toil,
The earth I sprinkled with etherial dew,
And smiling flowers around thy pathway grew,
I lent thee all that human soul should crave,
Even woman's self to cheer thy heart I gave,
Why then convert these blessings to a curse,
That leaves a stain upon the universe.
To-morrow thou must leave these hallowed
grounds,
No more to come within their measured bounds,
Henceforth the outer world shall be thy home,
Where thou with savage brutes must live and
roam,
And from the cold, the rugged, barren soil,
Extract thy daily food by manual toil ;
Instead of blooming trees and beauteous flowers,
Wild thorns and thistles shall compose thy
bowers ;

Thyself, a savage, thou shalt wander free,
 An exiled alien to this Realm and Me,
 Till thou thro' labor, sickness, grief and pain,
 Return'st at length to kindred dust again."

In hopeless aspect knelt the guilty pair,
 Their quivering lips exhaled the breath of prayer;
 But conscience flutter'd in their sinful breast,
 And black despair each rising hope suppress'd ;
 They felt, and feeling knew their doom was seal'd.
 Their spirit conquer'd and compell'd to yield,
 Their glory gone, their dignity and boast,
 Their honor blighted, and their kingdom lost;
 Yet side by side in penitence they knelt,
 And all the horrid pangs of hell were felt,
 A groan and sigh alternately were heard,
 But from their quivering lips pass'd not a word;
 At length their spirit found oblivion's spell,
 And prostrate to the ground they slumbering fell.

The night in solemn stillness roll'd away,
 And Venus usher'd in the new-born day,
 Then Eden's groves a silvery sheen assumed,
 And in the gathering light their richness bloom'd.
 The brutes unconscious of their fate arose ;
 Likewise the birds withdrew from sweet reposo ;
 The insects sprung from crevice, bower and
 wood ;
 All issued gladly forth in quest of food ;
 A thousand varied sounds of joy were heard,
 And Eden's groves with vital action stirr'd.
 Obscured beneath yon ivy-mantled-shade,
 Behold the youthful pair so lately made,
 Emerged from slumber to resume their grief,
 A sleep which gave their spirits no relief :

Like one who seeks protection, or to hide,
She closely nestled to her husband's side;
Whilst he, in statue form, sat half reclin'd,
Like some lost one bewilder'd in his mind,
His eyes aghast, a vacant stare convey'd,
While o'er his brow the infant wrinkles play'd.

A sallow hue bedimm'd their radiant face,
Each feature bore the mark of sad disgrace,
Their eyes seem'd hollow from the waste of tears,
The change effected seem'd the work of years;
Their voice had lost the sweetness of its tone,—
Unfit for prayer—its praise forever gone:
While joy prevail'd thro' Eden's bless'd domain,
They, only they, endured the sense of pain,
And in their grassy lair prolong'd their stay,
They fear'd their fate, and shunn'd the light of day.

At length a voice exclaim'd with solemn tone,
"Come forth ye guilty ones! Arise,—begone,
Why tarry here when yonder sun's in view?
And Eden's gate is open'd wide for you,
Your doom is written, and your sentence given,
Henceforth begone, from Paradise and Heaven."

Fear-struck they startled from their lowly bed,
And hand in hand in trembling haste they fled,
Permitted not to take one lingering view,
But looking back they breathed a last adieu,
And pass'd the golden gate where PERI stood,
With flaming sword that none henceforth intrude.
Scarce had they gone when from the sacred grounds,
Were issued forth a thousand various sounds,

Struck by the din, they stopped, and listening
gazed,

And saw a cloud of dust o'er Eden raised,
Thro' which unnumber'd warblers wing'd their
flight,

And crowds of terror'd brutes appear'd in sight,
Of every species, color, size and shape,
From great Behemoth to the chattering Ape ;
As fled the furies from the gates of Heaven,
When Satan from its royal court was driven,
Thus thronging herds with frantic fury rush'd,
And reckless brutes in wild disorder crush'd ;
With flashing eyes the furious lions roar'd,
The horses trampled, and the cattle gored ;
Those brutes that were companions once with
man,

Like savage monsters from his presence ran,
And scampering forth they scatter'd o'er the
plain,

Till instinct form'd them kindred tribes again.
The human pair, bewilder'd and amazed,
Like marble statues stood,—in silence gazed ;
Afraid that God with vengeance would pursue,
They join'd the hurried flight from Eden, too.
At length the gathering clouds the sun conceal'd,
And forth the lightnings flash'd, the thunders
peal'd,

The tempest roar'd, the rain in torrents fell,
And Earth appear'd as if engulph'd in Hell :
The very brutes, amazed, bewilder'd reel'd,
And louder still the dreadful thunders peal'd.
The guilty pair with horror stared aghast,
And prostrate to the earth they fell at last ;
Increasing ills besieged their hearts the more,
They felt the pangs of woes unfelt before :

Whilst from their lips in prayer their piteous
cries
Out-reach'd the storm, and soar'd to-wards the
skies ;
All nature seem'd in elemental strife,
And Earth appear'd convuls'd with dying life,
As if creation's God was hovering nigh,
To wipe the sin-stain'd planet from the sky.
At length the sun dispell'd the scowling storm,
And earth and sky assumed a brighter form ;
The sinful pair survived the surging blast,—
The first that o'er young nature's realm had
pass'd,
Then from the floods they sought the higher
ground,
All wet they shivering stood and gazed around,
At length exhausted nature understood
The need of something as sustaining food ;
Upon the trees in vain they sought for fruits,
But from the ground they dug the thistle-roots,
With which their hungry want they satisfied,
And from the muddy streams their thirst sup-
plied ;
Prometheus-like upon a rock they stood,
And gazing round they chew'd their thistle-food,
Their tatter'd garments dangling in the breeze,
The only vestiges of Eden's trees,—
Their graceful limbs impair'd, their feet all
bruised,
While from the wounds the crimson liquid
oozed.
Like brutes in savage life, they roam'd the field,
No home to shelter them—no friend to shield—
No hope to animate—no joys in store,
Their heaven behind them and a hell before ;

How vast a contrast ! and how sad a change !
The earth and nature, yea, themselves seem'd
strange.

But God, whose Will is Universal Power,
Return'd with mercy in that trying hour,
Tho' His essential justice had chastised,
His Parent-nature loved and sympathized.
Then from a hovering cloud of fire and smoke,
He shadow'd forth Himself and spoke,—
“ Arise, ye guilty ones ! behold, and live ;
Your prayer is heard, to you I mercy give,
Your sins indeed deserve eternal woe,
But for your faith a blessing I'll bestow ;
Go ye erect an altar on this rock,
Bring hither then the firstlings of yon flock,
Their flesh with wood upon the altar lay,
Thus for your sins an offering ye shall pay ;
Then from my cloud a liquid fire I'll pour,
Which shall the wood and fleshy parts devour,
A symbol of atonement thus I give,
But still as sinful mortals ye shall live :
Tear from yourselves those tatter'd garbs of sin,
Leave not a leaf of Eden on your skin,
Put on the garbs the sinless lambkins wear,
For sin indeed hath made you poor and bare.
Man for my glory I at first design'd,
But woman's made for man and all mankind,
Therefore from her by My own POWER shall
spring

A GREAT HIGH PRIEST—the Earth's ETERNAL
KING.

To you, to all, thro' all succeeding time,
Of every nation, kindred, creed, and clime,
He, *Universal SAVIOUR*, shall be given,
To point the way and ope the gates to Heaven.

Go now—construct a house upon these rocks,
Go, till the soil, and tame the grazing flocks,
Go, cherish vir'tue, faith, and godliness,
Your passions and your sinful thoughts suppress,
Pursue that virtuous path which once you trod,
And hold communion still with nature's God,
Then will your souls at length triumphant rise
From this vile earth to Heaven's eternal skies."

With joyous souls the sinful pair arose,
Their hope exalted triumph'd o'er their woes ;
With prompt obedience to their Maker's will,
They strove His wise injunctions to fulfil ;
Oh, happy thought, indeed ! surpassing strange !
To know, to realize, a heaven-ward change,
To feel themselves relieved of half their pain,
And taste the joys of former life again ;
Oh, blissful day to them and all mankind,
When God made known his "Work of Grace"
design'd,
A day, on which, with joy the angels smiled,
To know the TRIUNE-GOD was reconciled,
A *Saviour* promised, and a *Plan* design'd,
TO SATISFY THEIR GOD AND SAVE MANKIND.



Harsh words, like hailstones, batter down
The plants on which they fall,
But gentle words, like drops of rain,
Refresh and cherish all.

Song : The Christian's Life March.

Oh, heard you that note which the death-bugle
gave?
It tells that a friend has gone down to his grave;
Each knell sounds the death of a comrade that's
gone,
And the old bell of time is still kept tolling on.
The wick-light goes out when the lamp-oil is
done,
So life disappears 'mid the shadows of death;
Like leaves of the forest we drop one by one,
When the life-stem is snapt by the year's chilling
breath.

Chorus.

We're marching, a-marching, and drop one by
one,
And thousands have dropt since the life-march
begun,
Each knell sounds the death of a comrade who's
gone,
And the old bell of time is still kept tolling on.

Our knapsacks are heavy, our spirits are light,
The highway is rough, but our prospect is bright,
Our foes are around us, and danger is near,
And the roar of life's battle distinctly we hear.

We fear not the foemen, and dread not the grave,
The captain who leads us can vanquish their
powers,
But while we must fight let us fight with the
brave,
And when we shall fall may the vict'ry be ours.
We're marching, a-marching, &c.

We fear not the strokes of the foe's fiery darts,
The breast-plate of faith is a shield to our hearts,
'Neath the flag of the Gospel as heroes we fight,
And the sword of the Spirit shall conquer with
might.

We're marching along thro' the 'Valley of Tears,'
And thousands must fall ere the life-march is
done;

The souls of the righteous of six thousand years
Are shouting in triumph the vict'ry they won.

We're marching, a-marching, &c.

The stars that bespangle the realms of old night,
Are homes of the bless'd in the kingdom of light,
The angels are singing the anthems of love,
In the bright happy land in the regions above.
The bugle is sounding the signal again,
The 'Valley of Death' we have enter'd at last;
Farewell to the Earth and our friends who re-
main,
The vict'ry is ours, and the struggle is past.

Chorus.

And now we are home in the kingdom above,
The saints and the angels re-echo our love.
Hallelujah to Christ ! we triumphantly sing,
Hallelujah to God ! Hallelujah our King !

Flowers.

Flowers are the gifts of Eden scatter'd forth,
The pure and lovely things of God's creation,
Like stellar-orbs these gems bespangle earth,
And from the sun inhale their inspiration.

Tho' kissed and courted by a thousand swarms,
The insect sees no charm in blooming lustre,
The brute unconscious of their blushing charms,
Walks heedless by, or crops the flowery cluster.

For man alone these gems adorn creation,
For him their fragrance and their charms are
given,
Life-models, too, for virtuous imitation,
And types which typify the bloom of Heaven.

They are the emblems of the soul's devotion,
When consecrated by the God of Love,—
Faith, virtue, innocence, and each emotion
Which draw their inspiration from above.

Flowers are the lyric-poetry of God,
The music-breathings of His inspiration,
His annual foot-prints on the vernal sod,
Among the beauties of His own creation ;—

The only things from Eden's curse untainted,
The gems which God around our pathwa
strews,
Poetic symbols by the angels painted,
With all the beauty of the rainbow hues.

But like the dreams of youth they live and perish,
Their glory soars away on fragrant breath,
Even then, in memory let us love to cherish
The faded flowers as emblems of our death.



Twenty-Third Psalm.

Lord, thou shalt still my shepherd be,
My daily wants thou dost supply ;
By gentle streams thou guidest me,
And in thy pastures green I lie.

My sinful soul thou still shalt bless,
And from its wicked course reclaim,
To lead me forth in righteousness,
To magnify thy glorious name.

My cup with blessings overflows,
With oil thou dost anoint my head ;
And in the presence of my foes,
Thou hast a bounteous table spread.

And when I walk the vale of death,
Tho' ills at every step appear,
Thy staff shall guard my dying breath,
And comfort every rising fear.

Thy goodness and thy gracious love,
In mercy still shall follow me,
And in thy happy home above,
I shall forever dwell with thee.

One Hundred and Thirty-Third Psalm.

Behold ! how precious is the sight,
When human love extends,
And men in fellowship unite
To live as kindred friends.
'Tis like the ointment that was pour'd
On Aaron's sacred head,
Extending down his flowing beard,
And o'er his garments spread.

As showers on Hermon's mount descend,
And dew to Sion's hills,
So should fraternal love extend,
Till every bosom fills.
To all to live as Christian friends,
The voice of Nature cries,
With blessings for a life that ends,
And life that never dies.

The Human Soul, its own Eternal Register.

The soul is like a parchment scroll,
The mind is but the quill.
And every organ is a scribe,
Directed by our will.
Our daily deeds are written down,
With every word we think ;
Our history is thus preserv'd,
In life's eternal ink.

Ah ! many a deed is written there,
 We yet shall dread to own,
 When God unrolls our parchment-scroll,
 And every word makes known.
 Henceforth, then, let our thoughts and
 deeds
 Excel the written past,
 And bear in mind that by our scroll,
 We shall be judg'd at last.

The Iroquois.

Proud Iroquois ! how sunk ! how low !
 Where are thy noble warriors now ?
 Illustrious chiefs—and tinsell'd show ?
 Thyself a tower,
 That dared the face of every foe,
 With matchless power.

Where now thy forest hunting-grounds,
 Thy battle-fields—thy sacred mounds—
 Thine ample game—thy empire's bounds—
 Thy deeds once known ?
 Vibrating echo now resounds—
 Forever gone.

Supplanted by a foreign race,
 Thou scarcely hast a name or place,
 Or of thy former self a trace,
 Save but a wreck ;
 With liquid fire thro' dire disgrace,
 They strew'd thy track.

Thus were thy gallant tribes decoy'd,
Thy blood corrupted and alloy'd,
Thy soul inflamed, thy virtues void,
 By vice imbued,
Thy sons made demons, or destroy'd,
Thy daughters lewd.

They gave thee language to blaspheme
The UNIVERSAL NAME SUPREME,—
To curse thy kindred, and to seem
 A human devil,—
Gave thee as drink that fiery stream
Of vilest evil.

They fell'd thy forests to the ground,
The monuments of deeds renown'd ;
And like a life-destructive hound,
 Destroy'd thy game ;
Thro' battle-field and hallowed mound
Their plowshares came.

Like snow when winter-storms have pass'd,
Or autumn leaves before the blast,
Or like the yellow grain when cast
 Upon the field,
So did thy mighty sons at last,
Decreasing, yield.

Oh, Iroquois ! renown'd of yore,
Thy fallen state I much deplore ;
Succeeding time shall ne'er restore
 Thy former state ;
Thy life, now hollow to its core,
Is seal'd by Fate.



Song: Gentle Spring.

Awake from sleep ye drowsy souls,
To see the early sun,
And view a vernal world astir,
Its varied works begun.
The balmy morn invites you forth,
A thousand warblers sing,
And countless songs of grateful joy,
Now hail the glorious spring.

Chorus.

Ten thousand varied beauties rise,
And countless voices sing,
To breathe a prayer of joyous praise
To nature's glorious king
Who smiles upon our earth again,
And sends the Gentle Spring.

The gentle breeze awakes the trees,
With spring's reviving power,
Which gives a breath to every bud,
A life to every flower.
The sunny rays, the soft'ning shower,
Descend on balmy wing,
And call the slumb'ring earth again,
To hail the gentle spring.

Chorus.—Ten thousand, &c.

The glorious scenes of joyous morn,
 Now cheer the man of toil,
 Who sees a harvest in the seed
 He scatters o'er the soil.
 The streams have burst their icy chains,
 Their song of freedom sing ;
 And earth again with loving heart,
 Delights to hail the spring.

Chorus.—Ten thousand, &c.

Song: Little Willie's Grave.

In the lonely forest-wild
 Liv'd a lov'd and only child,
 And he was his mother's joy.
 Thro' the summer's sunny hours,
 'Mong the lovely forest-flowers,
 Play'd this little darling boy.
 But the blighting hand of death,
 Like the winter's icy breath,
 On this lovely child was laid,
 And the summer scarce had pass'd,
 When he gently breathed his last,
 In the lonely forest shade.

Chorus.

Now the gentle summer's gone,
 And the storms of winter rave,
 While the cold winds whistle
 Over little Willie's grave.

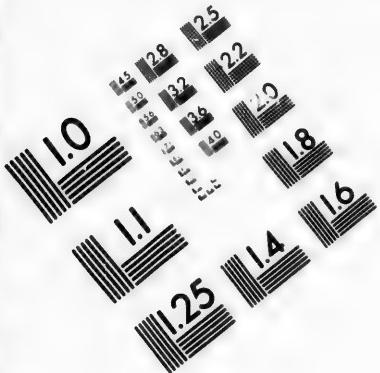
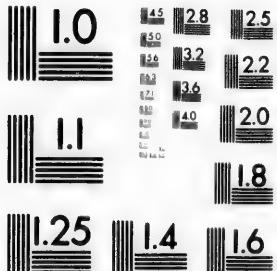
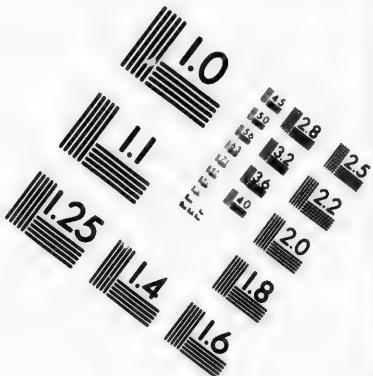
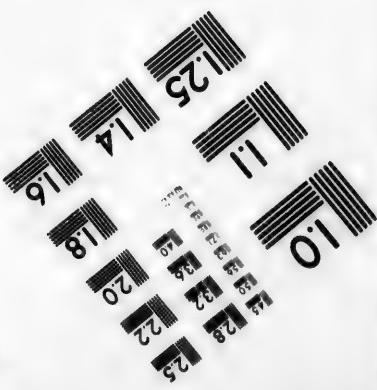
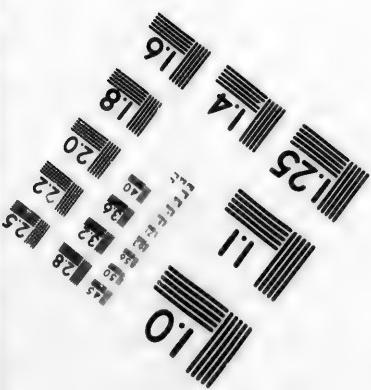


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'Neath the maple's dreary shade,
In the grave where he was laid,
 Sleeps this lovely darling child.
And the winter's mournful breeze
Is a-sighing thro' the trees
 Of the dreary forest-wild.
Now, there is a vacant spot,
In that lowly forest cot,
 And the days are dark with gloom ;
For the gem of life has gone,
And the casket lies alone,
 In its lonely winter tomb.

Chorus.

As in sorrow for the dead,
 Now the leafless branches wave,
While the cold winds are whistling,
 Over little Willie's grave.

In that gloomy forest wild,
For her little darling child,
 Sighs a mother's aching love,
With the hope of faith she mourns,
But his spirit ne'er returns
 From the happy land above.
'Midst the gloomy forest shade
In the tomb where he was laid
 Sleeps this lovely little child ;
While the winter's icy breath
Chants the mournful song of death,
 Thro' the dreary forest wild.

Chorus.

Now the gentle summer's gone,
 And the storms of winter rave,
And the cold winds are whistling
 Over little Willie's grave.

Cruelty to Animals.

Hurt not a thing in cruel sport,
Which breathes a vital breath,
Nor gratify a reckless heart,
With pleasure in its death,
All things were made to serve mankind,
In some appropriate use,
But never were the brutes design'd
To suffer man's abuse.

Hurt not the little harmless bird,
Nor rob its tiny nest,
Its thrilling notes so sweetly heard
Might charm th' unfeeling breast;
Nor place it in some prison-cell,
To fret its lonely hours,
In liberty it loves to dwell
Among the verdant bowers.

Hurt not the dog, that faithful guide,
Which doth our steps attend,
And guards our home with honest pride,
A trusty household friend.
Starve not your helpless stabled herd,
Depending on your care,
Nor let their thirsty voice be heard,
When you have drink to spare.

Strike not with reckless cruel hand,
That noble beast of toil,
Which moves obedient to command,
And gently plows the soil.

Race not your horse at cruel speed,
 To gain a brutal fame ;
 That man is but a brute indeed,
 Who thus engrafs his name.

When man at first was made by God,
 Ere sin, his soul, defaced ;
 The very brutes that tread the sod,
 Were in his garden placed.
 His food and theirs were nature's fare,
 Their homes were in the bowers,
 He watched them with a kindly care,
 They dreaded not his powers.

Then why should we usurp a right
 O'er brutes we claim our own,
 To brutalize our human might,
 When mercy should be shown,
 Oh, why should man be so unkind,
 When God was pleased to give
 To every living thing design'd,
 A joyous heart to live.

An Acrostic Epitaph

*Engraved on the Tombstone erected to WILLIAM ROBERTS, aged 20,
 formerly one of the Author's pupils.*

We weep o'er the dust of the lov'd one who sleeps
 In this tomb where his spirit its vigil now keeps ;
 Like the calm summer sky his brief life was serene ;
 Like the sun, still he shines, but death's clouds intervene ;
 In our mem'ries he lives as the soul's fondest guest,
 And when we have gone to our long silent rest,
 May we meet our dear "WILLIAM" in the realms of the
 bless'd.

Life's Changes.



All nature has its sphere and space,
Its motion, change, and breath,
A spirit-power, a time and place,
A birth, a life, a death.
The earth revolves, the seasons change,
Which form the varied year,
Familiar things become as strange,
As other scenes appear.

A transient life, with dying breath,
Fills up each human space,
And as we fall in turn by death,
Another takes our place.
With hearts of anxious care we live,
We toil like torrid slaves ;
For mammon's gods we sweat and strive,
Amid a world of graves.

The promised joys of present dreams,
This earth can ne'er fulfil,
For every day will find its schemes
Are but prospective still ;
And yet we labor, hope, and strive,
For something still in view ;
Thus did our fathers whilst alive,
So will our children too.

Another race shall fill our seats,
In council, church, and school,
While other feet shall walk our streets,
And other heads shall rule.
These fields in which we toil and sweat,
By others shall be till'd,
Who will enjoy the trees we set,
The houses that we build.

These lakes and rivers still shall run,
The tides shall ebb and flow,
But other ships with other men,
Shall travel to and fro.
Our songs by others shall be sung,
Our books by others read,
Our works to them with silent tongue
Shall speak tho' we are dead.

Our jails with sinners shall be fill'd,
Our courts with fools and knaves,
When those who pass their threshold still,
Shall rest within their graves.
And aching hearts and joyous souls,
Shall thrill the human breast,
When all our present joys and ills
Have found eternal rest.

Yon sun that gilds the solar space,
And marks the lapse of years,
And yonder moon whose smiling face
Outshines the stellar spheres,
Shall still survive—but other souls
Shall bask beneath their beams ;
While season in succession rolls
With all their changing scenes.

Life's din shall rise incessant still,
 From many a toiling throng,
 But other hands shall ply the wheels
 That move the world along.
 Race after race shall disappear,
 Familiar things grow strange ;
 Thus nature's life, thro' endless years,
 Is but perpetual CHANGE.

Song : The Inveterate Toper.

The drunkard is a bloated mass
 Of dirt, disease, and crime,
 Wrapt up in ragged filthiness,
 And sent adrift on time.
 His purple nose and blood-shot eyes,
 Might serve as beacon-lights,
 To those who skirt Jamaica's coast
 On dark and foggy nights.

See how he trembles in his rags,
 With hunger, cold, and thirst,
 Defaced in every noble part
 Which formed the man at first.
 His bed is oft the cold damp earth,
 His quilt, the chilling air,
 The whisky-jug, his fellow-mate,
 A filthy song, his prayer.

He is despised by every one,
 Except that sponging class,
 Who, like himself, would sell their soul
 To get their "morning-glass."
 He neither cares for life nor death,
 Nor yet desires to pray,
 He calls the whisky-fiend his god,
 And serves it night and day.

A hungry household clad in rags,
 A cheerless home and hearth,
 Are but a wreck, tho' once they were
 His dearest things on earth.
 His hand that seal'd the marriage vow,
 Now strikes his weeping wife ;
 His little ones, like shrivell'd imps,
 Are curs'd and kick'd thro' life.

Beneath the human standard, now,
 He sinks disgracely low,
 He's but a shade of what he was
 Some twenty years ago.
 He's sinking fast, but ere he goes,
 Is there no hand to save ;
 He's going-going-going-gone,
 Down to a drunkard's grave.

Man, a Carnivorous Animal.

Man is a sort of cannibal,
 A savage civilized,
 For him a host of animals
 Are daily sacrificed.

He is a living sepulchre,
His stomach's daily fill'd ;
Beast, fish, and fowl, et ceteras,
For him are caught and kill'd.

He rakes the fish from sea and gulf,
The reptile from its bed,
And feeds the brute, but feeds himself,
By eating it instead.

The fatten'd calf that licks the hand
Which holds the fatal knife,
Contributes to his food-demand
By yielding up its life.

The playful lamb by cruel hands
A bleeding victim dies,
And yet no pitying voice responds,
Except its mother's cries.

The cow that kindly gave him milk,
Must bleed beneath the knife,
And soon becomes digested pulp,
To feed his human life.

He whets his teeth and goes to work
To masticate a frog,
He also loves the savory pork,
But hates the filthy hog.

Horse-steak supplies a dainty dish,
With oysters, frogs, and eels,
Tripe, soups, and gravy, grease and hash,
Compose his favorite meals.

Oh, what a host of varied breed !
Stew'd, roasted, boil'd, and raw,
He gobbles up with hungry greed,
For his capacious maw.

The trunk itself is not enough,
For head and tail he eats,
And turns the inside out for stuff
To make his "*savory meats.*"

Oh what a strange compounded mass
Our bodies are indeed !
Composed from things of every class,
On which we daily feed.

And when the soul has ceased to breathe,
This complex body dies,
Yet strange indeed, that men believe
This very part shall rise.



An Antidote.

Heed not the man of sland'rous tongue,
And envious evil eye,
Tho' he delights to do you wrong,
In friendship pass him by.

Bite not the dog that barks at you,
Nor strike a vengeful blow,
A gentle word, or graceful look,
Disarms a grinning foe.

The Organ ; or, Instrumental Music.

'Tis sad to think our Christian church
Now imitates the stage;
That preachers, too, will vindicate
The fashions of the age.

We make our creeds to suit our tastes,
Tho' only one was given,
So do we make those novelties
Appointed not by Heaven.

Christ's church was instituted first,
By Heaven's eternal plan,
But every innovation since
Is but the work of man.

Our modern Christians advocate
An instrumental praise,
To worship God in other forms
Than those of former days.

Believing that a *music-charm*
Can every soul inspire,
They place an organ in the church,
And *organize* a choir.

Within this idol-deity,
This workmanship of art,
Are placed a windpipe and a pump,
Which are its soul and heart.

A few devoted worshippers
Before its presence stand,
And fancy they are seraphims
Of the celestial band.

Then groans this guttural deity,
While loud their voices raise,—
Because 'tis pleasant to their ears,
They call it *Sacred Praise*.

The organites assert that such
Is of essential use,
To harmonise their feelings with
The sounds which they produce.

Recourse to artificial means
Is worshipping by half,
'Tis like the dance of Aaron's squad
Around the golden calf.

I pity those whose dormant soul
An instrument requires,
For Scripture proves that nothing but
The grace of God inspires.

But if we use the natural means,
And thus perform our part,
The Lord will give the Spirit-power
To harmonize the heart.

Our God demands a vocal praise
From universal man,
And those unskill'd in music's art
Must do the best they can.

'Tis not the harmony of tones
Produced by vocal art,
Alone shall satisfy our God,—
It is the praising heart.

The voice is but the instrument
Thro' which our hearts should raise';
As words express our sentiments,
So sounds express our praise.

But if we cannot harmonize
Our praise to please our ears,
That is no reason God's displeas'd,—
When 'tis the heart He hears.

Why introduce an organ then,
An instrument of art,
To utter human praise to God,
Which comes not from the heart?

Why use the artificial means,
When voice to us is given,
It is like offering up strange fire,
That never reaches Heaven.

God judges not from outward forms,
Tho' good in every part;
Within His scales He weighs each soul,
And measures every part,—

And acts as Universal Judge,
With justice in His hand,
And in proportion as He gave
He only will demand.

As proof that God himself approves
Of instrumental praise,
'Tis said King David used the harp
To chant his sacred lays.

But if 'tis right to imitate
The harp that David strung,
'Tis therefore wrong to sing those hymns
He ne'er composed nor sung.

He introduced the harp himself,
To glorify the Lord ;
And if we imitate him thus,
Why not take up the sword ?

Why not strip off our clothes like him,
Exposed to public view,
And dance around our altar-arks,
And call it worship too ?

When God upon Mount Sinai stood,
He drew His sacred plan,
And framed His earthly temple there,
And gave commands to man.

He gave dimensions of the ark,
And everything required,
But gave no singing instruments,
Nor were they then desired.

Nor was there any space reserv'd
For organs to be placed,
Nor yet of them in after years
No relic can be traced.

Till David introduced the harp,
As he was fond of song,
So other innovations came,
Ere it was very long.

The Lord thro' prophet Amos * did
Those instruments condemn,
Then why should He be pleased with ours,
When He disfavor'd them ?

From Christ we took our Christian faith,
Establish'd on his WORD ;
Then why pollute His Church, in which
No instruments were heard,—

Nor yet within those churches too,
Established first by Paul ;
For in the early Christian age
They were condemn'd by all.

Then why should we approach our God,
In such unhallowed ways ?
Much better not to sing in church
Than mock our God in praise.

* See Amos, chap. v., verse 23; also chap. vi., verse 5, &c.

Death-Odes.

ODE I.

DEATH AND THE MISER.

THE MISER.

Oh, must I die? the miser cried;
 My treasured wealth no more behold,
 A thousand deaths I'd rather died,
 Could I at length enjoy my gold.

DEATH.

These golden fiends—these idol-things,
 Have long enough allured thine eye,
 Look here! Behold thy sable wings,
 Resign thy gold, vile wretch, and die.

THE MISER.

Away thou fiend! the miser cried,
 I will not die tho' others died;
 Accursed wretch, away from me,
 I will not leave my wealth to thee,
 My life—my gold—my soul—my breath,
 I will not yield to thee, vile Death.

Then closely to his throbbing breast,
 His purse of gold he hugg'd and bless'd,
 His pulse beat high, with fever'd breath,
 He struggled hard to fly from Death,
 His ghastly eyes with vengeance roll'd,
 And closer still he hugged his gold,
 He raved, he curs'd, he groan'd, he cried;
 And thus, at length, the miser died.

ODE II.

DEATH AND THE DRUNKARD.

THE DRUNKARD.

Oh, must I die ? the drunkard cried,
And leave behind, my nectar bowl,
My source of joy for ever dried,
No more to quench my thirsty soul.

DEATH.

No longer shall the social glass,
Thy thirsty soul with drink supply,
Life's ebbing sands do quickly pass,
Resign thyself, vile wretch, and die.

THE DRUNKARD.

Away thou vilest imp of hell,
Back to thy black tartarean cell ;
What brought thee here to tantalize
My soul of life which never dies ?
If thou hast come to stop my breath,
I will not die for thee, vile Death.

Then closely to his lips he press'd
The bottle-fiend which he carress'd,
His blood-shot eyes like demon's glared,
He cursed, he raved, he growl'd, he stared,
"Unclasp your hands, infernal Death,"
Exclaim'd the wretch, with frantic breath,
"Fire! Fire!" he struggling wildly, cried,
He shriek'd, he gasp'd, he groan'd, he died.

ODE III.

DEATH AND THE WARRIOR.

THE WARRIOR.

Oh, must I die? the warrior cried,
 And lose my glory, rank and fame,
 For which I've fought whilst others died,
 To crown the hero's honor'd name.
 I'd rather face the cannon's wrath,
 And swim thro' surging seas of gore.
 Than meet the grinning jaws of death,
 When peace has hush'd the battle's roar.

DEATH.

Halt, soldier-hero, sheath thy sword,
 With thee life's battle now shall close,
 My bloody flag shall be thy shroud,
 That flag which triumph'd o'er thy foes.

THE WARRIOR.

Insulting wretch, begone from me,
 Too long indeed I've toil'd for thee,
 I've been thy friend as thou wert mine,
 Therefore, no power shall I resign.
 With Lucifer from heaven you fell,
 Then, what has brought you here from hell.

"Front Guard, advance," the warrior cries,
 The valiant hero never dies,
 Draw forth your swords, but steel your hearts
 Against the foes' malignant darts:
 Then from its sheath his sword he drew,
 And in delirium thousands slew,
 But death's own dagger pierced his side,
 And thus the murd'ring monster died.

ODE IV.

DEATH AND THE CHRISTIAN.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Oh, must I quit these scenes of Earth,
 And tread the "VALE" which thousands trod
 And leave my household and my hearth,
 My BIBLE and the "HOUSE OF GOD."
 A few more years I fain would stay,
 To cherish each fraternal tie,
 But God's command I will obey,
 Tho' 'tis a solemn scene to die.

DEATH.

A messenger of God I come,
 To give eternal life to thee,
 These guides shall wing thy spirit home,
 Thy dust alone remains with me.

THE CHRISTIAN.

I welcome thee, thou angel death,
 And to thy charge resign my breath;
 Farewell, ye pleasing scenes of Earth;
 Farewell, ye joys of transient worth,
 Friend, wife, and child, adieu, adieu,
 My deathless love shall breathe for you.

Then fondly to his dying breast,
 The Book of God he closely press'd,
 His smiling orbs to heaven he raised,
 With prayerful lips his God he praised.
 In beams of Heaven's eternal light
 Earth's visions closed upon his sight,
 And like the sun at close of day,
 His radiant spirit pass'd away.

What is Life.

Life is the breathing of th' Almighty Soul,
On every atom of material nature,
Infusing spirit-force throughout the whole,
Producing change in every thing and creature.

Yet life itself is not a vital cause,
'Tis nothing more than the effect in action,
God's outward workings by His natural laws,
As motion, change, repulsion, and attraction.

Life is eternal as its Spirit-Source,
And change is but its relative conditions,
Material motion represents its force,
Whilst time and space but measure its volitions.

God's works are perfect, beautiful, but strange,
His life in nature is perpetual motion,
A uniform, but ever-varying change,
In every orb,—earth, atmosphere, and ocean.

Each soul's an atom of th' Eternal Soul,
Detach'd, and organized in gross material,
Self-acting, free, yet under the control
Of varied causes, earthly, and ethereal.

The body 's but the implement, or help,
With which our spirit holds its life communion,
An intercourse with things outside itself,
Yet both are one in co-existent union.

Each acts on each, and both produce effects,
A kindred sympathy to each revealing,
Yet, still the body but the soul reflects,
The spirit only has the sense of feeling.

All things have each their own peculiar life,
From nature's workings to the free-will action,
Yet life is always in perpetual strife,
With kindred death, its negative attraction.

All action, therefore, is external life,
Even light and heat are but effects in motion,
Oft bursting forth in elemental strife,
And shake the earth, the atmosphere, and ocean.

Life whispers in the genial breath of Spring,
And starts exulting from the vernal sod,
Breathes in the flowers, and sails upon the wing,
And smiles in beauty on the works of God.

But man 's the microcosm of the whole,
The representative of Earth's creation,
Composed of body, spirit, mind, and soul,
With transient life, yet endless in duration.

Man is a strange compound of good and ill,
A wheel within a wheel in revolution,
A free-will-agent, yet, responsible,
A problem working out its own solution.

Eternity and Time.

Eternity 's the boundless Atmosphere
That circles the celestial Universe,
A life-etherial element, in which
The sinless-born inhabitants of Heaven
And disembodied souls live, move and breathe.
'Tis co-existent with Creative Power,
The Spirit-Breath of universal Life,
Which like the Sun's regenerating rays,
Is ever radiating from its source
The universal all-sustaining GOD.

But Time is but Eternity on Earth,
An exhalation of the Deity,
And like the soul when it has serv'd its years,
Returns at length to the eternal sphere,
Yet time moves not:—it is Life's Theatre,—
Earth's stationary Element of Space,
Thro' which terrestrial Nature circulates
In one continued, ever-varying round,
Like ideas in a train, close following each;
Or waters moving in their channel'd course;
Or some vast army ever marching past.
The soul, imprison'd in its walls of clay,
Peeps thro' the grated windows, and beholds
The passing objects of the outer world;
But when the Spirit leaves its prison-cell,
It walks from time into eternity,
And there beholds the universal worlds,
The boundless realms of the omniscient God,
With PRESENT, PAST, and FUTURE all as one.
'Ts our contracted view which measures time,
Altho' 'tis dotted as a sea with isles,
Or universal space with stellar orbs,
'Tis but a part of the eternal whole.
The *Present* is but ours—that past is *Time*.
The *Past* and *Future* form ETERNITY.—
The ever PRESENT of the ETERNAL GOD.

Earth's revolutions also measure time,
And every day is but a pulsive throb
Of the GREAT SOUL—the center'd Source of All,
Whose life is but the animating breath
Which moves the nerves of the *Great Universe*,
Producing nature's universal change.

But should th' Almighty for a season chose
To close His channels to the SOLAR REALMS,
The life of our united orbs would cease,
And every atom from its planet fly,
To fill again the intervening space,
And TIME become ETERNITY again.

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